

GYPSY

The TALKING DOG



By

TUDOR JENKS



Class PZ 10

Book 3

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GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

by
Tudor Jenks

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Reginald B. Birch

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. WITH THE FRENCH SHOWMAN	15
II. THE DOG MEETS A FRIEND	25
III. THE HOME OF HELEN AND CHRISTOPHER	33
IV. THE GYPSY DOG FINDS A NEW HOME	45
V. THE GYPSY'S FLIGHT	57
VI. A CONFIDENTIAL TALK	69
VII. IN THE GYPSY CAMP	87
VIII. PLANS FOR A JOURNEY	97
IX. OUT INTO THE BIG WORLD	109
X. THE SAILOR AND THE SHIP	127
XI. GYPSY'S VOYAGE	137
XII. IN A STRANGE LAND	147
XIII. WHAT GYPSY FOUND	157
XIV. MUCH IN LITTLE	169
XV. GYPSY MAKES ANOTHER MISTAKE	177
XVI. A TALK AT MIDNIGHT	187
XVII. A COUNCIL OF WAR	197
XVIII. THE MARCH UPON THE FOE	207
XIX. THE BATTLE IN THE WOODS	217
XX. IN SAFE HARBOR	227

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

“ ‘Ah ! I have caught you, then, with my drum ! ’ ”	<i>Frontispiece.</i> ✓
“ The Gypsy began to pick up stones and throw them after the flying animal ” . . .	facing page 40 ✓
“ ‘Don’t you know me, Galopoff ? ’ ” asked Gypsy	“ 72 ✓
“ Joe was suddenly startled by a barking close at his heels ”	“ 104 ✓
“ Gypsy crouched tight down, and held on for his life ”	“ 144 ✓
“ Gypsy crawled softly out, and was free ! ” .	“ 160 ✓
“ He sat down under a tree, and leaned against the trunk ”	“ 164 ✓
“ Gypsy found himself flying through the air ” .	“ 184 ✓
“ Galopoff galloped along the road towards Chris- topher’s home ”	“ 208 ✓
“ ‘Now, Chris, let me know all about it ’ ” .	“ 220 ✓
“ The oldest one drew a pistol, and tried to fire it ”	“ 224 ✓
“ Gypsy barked himself hoarse, as he leaped upon Santa Claus ”	“ 232 ✓

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

CHAPTER I

WITH THE FRENCH SHOWMAN

“**O**NLY fifty centimes, ladies and gentlemen! Only fifty centimes more, and you see my little dog perform! He shall walk for you, he shall play dead for you, he shall do a dozen tricks so soon as I have but a few more coppers!”

A showman, dressed in tights, stood in one of the squares of the city of Paris. Near him sat a small dog, looking sharply at a crowd of street people gathered around in a ring. Again the showman walked about, holding his white, pointed hat to collect coppers from the crowd. He jingled those he had in the hat, and glanced here and

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

there in search of more money. One or two pieces were given.

“Thank you, sir. Thank you, madam. Now, I need but thirty centimes—only six sous more, and the show begins!”

A little schoolboy, who had just pushed his way into the crowd, dropped two coins into the hat.

“Thank you, little gentleman! Now, who will pay only twenty centimes more to see the finest show now before the people of Paris? My little dog will drill with a rifle—a wooden rifle, so that there be no fear of harm to any one. He will carry the flag; he will play the drum. Do not keep the people waiting! Only a few sous more, and the show begins!”

Again the hat went round, and this time a few more coins made up the required sum.

“Now,” exclaimed the showman, “look alive, sir!”

The dog, who had never moved until he was thus spoken to, jumped up to the top of a drum,

WITH THE FRENCH SHOWMAN

sat up on his haunches, as dogs do when they beg, and looked straight at the showman.

“Are you ready?” said his master.

The dog answered by giving three short barks.

“Very well; then we will begin by putting you through your drill. Take your rifle.”

He handed a little wooden gun to the dog, who held it upright between one foreleg and his chest.

“Order arms!”

The dog allowed the gun to slide downward.

“Present arms!”

The gun was raised and held forward between the forepaws. And so the drill proceeded, the dog cleverly carrying out the orders as soon as they were given. Next followed a sort of play in which the dog acted out some verses recited by the showman, telling how a shepherd, sleeping with his faithful dog by his side, was awakened when wolves attacked the sheep, and how the shepherd and the dog attack the wolves and

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

drive them away. The little dog jumped about and barked fiercely to show how bravely he had fought in his master's service.

The crowd applauded and laughed, and some of them threw more money into the hat. When this act was over, the showman announced that the dog would now sing for the people; so he drew from his pocket a small fife and began to play the "Marseillaise," while the little dog growled and howled an accompaniment that sent the crowd into roars of laughter.

On the outskirts of the ring of people were two black-eyed, dark-complexioned folk—a young man and another older. They seemed greatly interested by the dog's cleverness, but they did not laugh at his tricks. Instead, while the other spectators were laughing, these two men whispered together in low voices, and speaking a strange language. They were Gypsies, belonging to that old, old race that is found in all civilized lands, making its living in all ways,

WITH THE FRENCH SHOWMAN

honest and dishonest, and often moving about from place to place.

While the little dog was performing, and the jolly crowd of Parisians were joking and applauding him, the older Gypsy was saying in his own language:

“When the man and dog are through, let us follow him. That dog is worth much money. We can make much if we have a fine dog like that. Perhaps the showman would sell him.”

The younger man grinned at this, and replied in the same low tone the other had used:

“Oh, yes. He *might* sell him. But, better yet, he might lose him, and then if we should happen to find him—!”

The older Gypsy nodded his head, and turned to watch the dog's clever performance. Meanwhile the younger Gypsy went on:

“Perhaps, if I should find anything, it would be good if I had a large basket, with a piece of stout cord to tie up the parcel. There are yet

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

several tricks to come, so you watch while I go across the street."

The young man hurried away, and the older man waited impatiently. Just as the dog was "playing dead"—which was the last trick on the programme, the young Gypsy returned, carrying on his arm a large covered basket.

"You are in time," said the older man; and in a moment more the dog and his master made their bows to the crowd, the man slipped a loose suit of clothes over his costume, and picked up his drum. As the crowd scattered, the showman walked away, followed at a little distance by the two Gypsies. But these men did not walk together: one was about forty feet in advance of the other. They followed the showman, who walked slowly, since it was now dusk, and he did not mean to give another performance that afternoon. The dog trudged along after his master. He did not trot about briskly, as pet dogs do when taken out to walk, but, being tired, kept along at the showman's heels.

WITH THE FRENCH SHOWMAN

In this way they walked for quite a distance from the square where the show had been given. Then, as the old Gypsy came to a cross-street, he suddenly turned into it, and went at a very quick pace—sometimes even running—until he had come quite around the block, and was in the same street again with the showman, the dog and the other Gypsy. That is, he went around the block and met them.

He walked straight up to the showman, and, catching hold of the drum, that the man was carrying on his shoulders, cried out :

“Aha, you villain, you thief! Ah, I have caught you, then, with my drum! It is my drum that I lost last week. I have been watching for you in all the city. Come, now, give me my drum!” And he pulled and hauled at the poor bewildered showman, while the man so suddenly attacked for a moment lost his wits, and found not a word to say.

There were several passers-by, and all at once gathered around the two men.

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

Meanwhile the other Gypsy had come up, but he merely circled about the outside of the throng, waiting his chance.

Whenever the showman tried to speak the old Gypsy would begin again his wild outcry about "My stolen drum! my lost drum!"

Suddenly, one of the French policemen appeared, pushed his way through the crowd, and began to question the Gypsy and the showman about their quarrel. Both talked at once. Whenever the showman tried to say a word, the old Gypsy took good care to talk louder, and to wave his arms about, as if he were very angry.

Where was the little dog? He had tried to keep close to his master, but the legs of the crowd got in his way, and he had been forced outward. This was what the younger Gypsy was waiting for. He was the only one that paid no attention to the two squabbling men, and he kept watching the little dog. When he could reach him, the young Gypsy quickly grabbed him by the throat, wrapped a piece of

WITH THE FRENCH SHOWMAN

twine about his jaws, lifted the silent dog, and popped him into the basket.

The policeman had by this time restored order, and the showman was allowed to reply to the old Gypsy's accusation. He said the drum had been bought at a store not far away. The old Gypsy laughed aloud.

"You are a bold one!" said he. "You know well you never bought it. Why, sir," he went on, turning to the policeman, "my name is written on the inside of the drum with ink. If he is honest, let him open the drum, and we shall see 'Pierre Du Bois' inside, as plain as print. If it is not so, then I will gladly pay him five francs for his trouble. I am an honest man, and I may be wrong. If wrong, I will pay for falsely accusing an honest man, for that is only fair. Is it not so, my friends?" And he turned to the crowd standing about, who greeted his speech with a murmur of approval.

The poor showman saw that he would have to accept these terms, and though he was angry.

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

he put down the drum, and began to loosen the cords that held the drumheads.

At this moment the younger Gypsy turned slowly and carelessly and walked away, whistling a doleful tune. No one noticed him, and he soon turned a corner, and was out of sight of the crowd. Then he quickened his pace, and, seeing an empty cab passing, he called the driver, got in, and was driven to the other end of the city, carrying with him the covered basket, and the poor muzzled dog.

CHAPTER II

THE DOG MEETS A FRIEND

OF course, the old Gypsy had kept watch out of the corner of his eye to see when the young man got away, and now he began to change his tune and to talk more reasonably.

“Gentlemen,” said he, “I fear I may be wrong. That drum looked like mine—and yet it is may be not *quite* so old. Still, I will pay if I am wrong, and a minute will decide. Ah, now the drum is open.”

He stooped and raised it, looking carefully on the inside, as if searching for the name, “Pierre Du Bois.” Then he put it down with a sigh.

“Alas!” he exclaimed, “what have I done? I have made a mistake; I have still lost my be-

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

loved drum, and I owe this honest man five francs for the trouble I have given him, and the shame I have brought on him. Here is the money."

The Gypsy drew a coin from his pocket and offered it to the showman, who was busy putting the heads again on the drum. But suddenly the showman, now that he was cleared of suspicion, remembered his dog.

"Where is my dog?" he cried, rising to his feet and looking about him.

No one answered. In fact, at first no one remembered the dog. Then the old Gypsy spoke:

"Did you have a dog?"

"Yes," said the showman, "I had a little dog. Where is he? Did you see him?"

"I saw a dog with you," answered the Gypsy, "or, rather, near you. But a small boy picked him up and ran away. I thought the boy owned him."

"What kind of a boy was it?" the showman demanded, excitedly.

THE DOG MEETS A FRIEND

"Oh, a little fellow, about so high"—the Gypsy held his hand about three feet from the ground. "He wore a black blouse, and had blue eyes. He went up the street, and, I think, turned the next corner; but of that I am not sure, for I was thinking of the drum. Which reminds me—here are the five francs."

"I do not care for the money," said the poor showman, "but I must find my dog, or else I am ruined."

The Gypsy threw the coin upon the drum.

"Take it," he said. "It is little enough for the trouble I have caused you—especially now, if your dog is gone. I am sorry, but I cannot stay longer. Here, I will give you my address, in case I can be of use."

Drawing a pencil and scrap of paper from his pocket, the old man wrote out the name Pierre Du Bois, and added a false address. Then he walked slowly away.

The showman looked after him uneasily, but what could he do? There seemed no reason

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

to suspect anything wrong. The policeman, too, turned away; the crowd went about its business, and the showman at last shouldered his drum, and went gloomily along the street wondering whether he should ever see the little dog again.

For fear he might be followed, the old Gypsy went that night to a distant quarter of the city, and it was not until late the next day that he dared go to the young Gypsy's lodgings.

He rapped twice, paused, rapped twice, paused, and then rapped once.

"Come in!" cried the young Gypsy, and the two thieves were together.

"Have we got him safe?" was the old man's first question.

"Yes; but he's as ugly as a cross bear," answered the young man.

"Thrash him," said the old fellow.

"I've done better," answered the other. "I have starved him. He'll soon be better tempered."

THE DOG MEETS A FRIEND

“Keep him dark until we sail,” the old man went on. “It’s only a few days now, and that fool of a showman will be sure to go to the police about the pup.”

“Trust me,” said the young Gypsy. “I’ll keep him in the basket till we’re on the ocean, and then, once safely in America, who is to know where we picked him up?”

It was lucky for the evil-doers that they were so cautious, for the police of Paris are clever, and for several days they searched high and low for the poor showman’s dog. If he had been taken out of the basket, or had been allowed to make a single bit of noise, the thieves would have been discovered.

But it was not to be. The little dog remained in the basket until the Gypsies, with others of their band, had embarked on a steamship from Havre, France, to New York, and he was miles from land when first released.

Once he knew that he was out of reach of aid, the little dog was sensible enough to make

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

friends of his Gypsy captors. He even went through his tricks when they wished him to, and thus secured kinder treatment. He had been stubborn at first, through grief at the loss of his master, but finding that he was starved or whipped for ill-nature, he concluded to make the best of his lot.

On board ship the Gypsies let him roam about freely, since they had no fear of his escaping them. When the dog wished to be by himself, he would often make his way to a traveling box-stall that stood on the lower deck. In this stall was a beautiful black pony, named Galopoff, with a long white mane and tail. Galopoff was kind to the homesick little dog, and the two often talked together. The little dog learned that Galopoff was a Russian, who had long before gone to America, and was now returning from a trip to Europe with his master and his master's wife.

After the dog had told his story, Galopoff advised him to be cheerful, to gain the good-will

THE DOG MEETS A FRIEND

of the Gypsies, and to seize the first chance that offered him a fair opportunity of escaping.

“Gypsies are wandering folk,” said Galopoff, and their nomadic life—”

“Their what?” asked the dog.

“Nomadic,” said Galopoff. “It is a kind of a fancy word. I like fancy words, and I use them now and then.”

“But what does it mean?”

“Nomadic means wandering,” Galopoff answered.

“Then I suppose I ’m nomadic now?” said the dog, “because I ’m wandering, you know.”

“You ’re wandering from the subject,” Galopoff said, a little stiffly. “I ’ll try to use more doglike words. But my French is a little rusty, and I never could enjoy your growly dog-language. As I was saying—you must be good till you run away. When you can run, you must run, and must run fast. Run to where I am. Be a good dog till you can run.”

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

“You need n’t talk like a primer,” said the dog, a little crossly.

“Oh, very well,” said Galopoff. “You will perchance discover my residence—it is situated in the suburban district of the metropolis—”

“That I don’t understand at all,” said the dog.

“I was only joking,” Galopoff said. “Now listen: When you come anywhere near B—— (that is where I live) you run away. There is a family living near us that has a girl named Helen and a boy named Christopher. They ’ll be good to you, and if once you can get into their house you are all right. I ’ll let my master know about you—”

“Goodness! How can you?” exclaimed the little dog. “Do you talk to human animals?”

“To be sure, whenever I choose,” Galopoff answered, coolly.

“But it is against the laws,” said the dog.

“I make my own laws,” said Galopoff. “I use my judgment. You find Christopher and Helen, and, as for the rest, you may rely on my help.”

CHAPTER III

THE HOME OF HELEN AND CHRISTOPHER

CHRISTMAS morning always seems a little different from other mornings. The sun rises more slowly, at least until it is just over the edge; and then, as you reach up to pull out the pin that holds your stocking to the edge of the mantel, the sun rises and climbs up the sky so as to peep in at the window and see what Santa Claus has been using to stuff the stocking out until it looks like a battered leg.

One Christmas a little girl woke up very early—so early she could n't see the face of the clock. She tried to go to sleep again, but could not. Then she began to talk to herself.

"Now," she said, "it is either Christmas eve or else it is Christmas morning. If it is Christ-

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

mas eve, I ought to go to sleep again so as not to bother my mother; but, if it is Christmas morning, I want to get up and see what 's in my stocking. I don't see how I can tell which it is unless I can see the clock."

So she jumped out of bed and went over to the mantel. The hearth was cold to her feet, but she stood on tiptoe, and found that the clock-hands pointed to half-past three.

"There, now!" she said, "I was wrong both ways. It is n't Christmas day, and it is n't Christmas eve! So what is it?"

Then there came into her head the answer in verse:

" 'T was the night before Christmas."

But, while she was thinking over the lines, suddenly she noticed that the room was very still, and noticed that the clock was not ticking.

"The clock is not going!" said she. "If that is n't the meanest thing I ever knew! Just when I don't know what time it is! I wish I

HOME OF HELEN AND CHRISTOPHER

had a watch. Maybe I 'll get one this Christmas."

By this time Helen—which was her name ever since she was baptized—had crawled into bed again, and was crouched close up to the headboard. She did not want to be a bother, and yet she did so wish to get the stocking that was hung in her mother's room.

While she was wondering about the watch, she suddenly saw that the sky was a rosy hue, and then she knew that the sun was coming up; that it was n't Christmas eve, and that it was Christmas day.

With a flying leap she was out of bed, and was looking wildly for the armholes of her wrapper or bath-robe. In order to lose no time, she tried to find her slippers with her feet.

"The more haste, the less speed." While Helen was trying hard to thrust one arm into the pocket of her robe and one toe through the heel of her slipper, she heard a bugle-call on a toy-bugle, and then she knew that her brother

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

Chris—christened Christopher—was already up and doing his best to undo Santa Claus' work in stocking-packing.

"Chris always gets ahead of me!" said Helen, "either because he's a boy or because I'm a little scatterbrain—I'm not sure which!"

Helen unwound herself from the tangle she was in, put on the bath-robe first and the slippers next, and then tore away through the hallway to her mother's room.

She knocked; a voice said: "Come in, old Merry Christmas!" and Helen was before the stockings.

Christopher was on the floor surrounded by a ring of presents—the bugle, a box of soldiers, a sword, a gun, a knapsack and a general military outfit. This was because Chris was just at the age when he loved soldiers better than anything else. He was far down toward the toe of his stocking, and Helen knew that she would have to hurry to catch up with him.

How the pink ribbons and tissue-paper did

HOME OF HELEN AND CHRISTOPHER

fly! It was like a snowstorm in an apple orchard in springtime. First came the very thing she wanted most, then came what she wanted next, and then her third choice. Below that was a box of chocolates, and then something nearly as good, and so on until she had come quite to the very end, and there she found the best possible gift to go in the toe of a Christmas stocking.

What was that?

A five-dollar goldpiece.

"Did you get one, too, Chris?" asked Helen.

Chris made no direct answer in words, but he put his goldpiece into his eye like an eyeglass, saying:

"Aw, weally!—excuse me, aw!"

After a hurried examination of the presents, the two children were hustled out of the room, with strict orders to dress and get down to breakfast as soon as they could when they really tried; and, considering that it was Christmas, they made good time. After breakfast came the

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

presents that Santa Claus had left downstairs for fear of waking the family by bumping them up the steps. No matter what these were; it is enough to say that, after the bundles were all unwrapped, the parlor looked as if there had been an explosion in a toystore, with a ribbon-maker's next door on one side and a paper-maker's next door on the other side; and Chris and Helen were busy and happy among the ruins.

On Christmas day there comes a time when the mother of the family says:

"Come, children, surely you're not going to spend all this beautiful day indoors. A brisk walk over the snow in the sunshine will brighten you up wonderfully."

And then the children say everything they can think of to prove that fresh air is not good for them; that they have been walking too much for their health; that they can go better any other time; that nobody ever goes walking on Christmas day; that they don't want to; that,

HOME OF HELEN AND CHRISTOPHER

of course, they will if mother says so ; that they thought she did n't mean what she said ; that—and then they go.

Christopher and Helen thought they were going to be very unhappy over leaving their toys, but to their surprise they found they enjoyed being away from them for awhile. Besides, they were n't away from all of them, for Christopher had his new four-bladed pocket knife and Helen had her new gloves with fur around the wrists, and they could talk about all the others.

It was a delightful day—just cold enough to remind them it was winter, and with enough snow on the ground to make it a real “white Christmas.”

Christopher and Helen lived in the country, and yet it was not far from the city, and their father went in and out on the train every business day. They thought this was the best way to live. They had all the pleasures of both city and country, and knew how to enjoy each in turn.

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

Chris was explaining this to Helen as they walked along.

“You see, Helen,” said he, “if we were real country children, we might not know just what to do with our goldpieces. There are not many ways of spending money in the country, you know, and so I suppose we ’d have to put our money in one of those little iron banks and leave it there till—well, maybe till we were grown-up. I would n’t like that. Would you?”

“No,” Helen answered. “I ’d rather keep mine in my pocket until I go to the city, and then I can go into one of the big toy-stores—”

“Have you brought yours with you?” Chris asked, drawing his from his pocket.

“Here it is,” said Helen, “it ’s in this purse”; and she held up a blue silk purse with two cut-steel rings upon it.

While they were talking, they were walking along a road that led up over a hill to the next town, a small place with one business street and a number of little houses. They had now come



Gypsy—2.

“THE GYPSY BEGAN TO PICK UP STONES AND THROW THEM AFTER THE FLYING ANIMAL.”

See p. 43.

HOME OF HELEN AND CHRISTOPHER

to a place about half-way between their own home and the town, where there was a grove of tall trees. As they reached the top of the hill, they saw smoke rising from this grove, and wondered what it could come from. Going a little farther, they saw two or three wagons in the grove, and around these a number of men, women and children. A crackling fire made of dead branches was blazing on the ground, and upon the ashes around it were some pots and pans. The people seemed to be cooking their breakfast.

"I believe they are Gypsies," said Chris, in a low voice.

"What are Gypsies?" asked Helen.

"I don't know much about them," Chris answered, "except that they don't live in houses, but go around in their wagons, and live outdoors. I wish I was one."

"I think you're silly," said Helen. "I'd rather have a comfortable house."

"Anyway, I'm going to speak to them," Chris said, after a pause.

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

“Are n’t you scared?” Helen asked.

“Scared? No,” was Chris’s answer. “I heard father and mother talking about Gypsies the other day, and he said he thought there was no great harm in them.”

“Whether there is any harm in them or not,” Helen insisted, “I don’t think you ought to go nearer them without father’s knowing it. Let’s go home and tell him about finding the camp, and see what he says.”

Chris was very curious about the Gypsies, and would have liked to talk to some of the boys he saw near the camp; but his love for soldiers had led him to learn how soldiers act, and he felt sure that he ought not to take any risks so long as Helen was with him. His father had often said that it was Christopher’s duty to look after his sister’s safety always, and never to give Helen any needless alarm. So now, remembering all he had been taught, Christopher gave the order: “Right about face! Forward, march!”

HOME OF HELEN AND CHRISTOPHER

Helen turned at once, and the brother and sister started for home.

They had not gone far when they heard a sudden shout behind them and a scampering of feet. They looked back, and saw one of the Gypsies chasing a little dog. The man was coming toward them, and running as fast as he could go. But, fast as he ran, the little dog ran faster; and long before the man reached the two children the dog had passed them and was far ahead.

The Gypsy, seeing he could not catch the dog, began to pick up stones, and throw them after the flying animal. But all the stones went wild, and the dog, turning suddenly, darted into the woods and disappeared from view. The Gypsy, muttering to himself, turned back and walked along the road toward the camp until the hill hid him from view.

The children made their way home, seeing neither the dog nor the Gypsy again; and, until they told their father about seeing the Gypsy

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

encampment, Chris and Helen thought no more about the runaway and the pursuer that night, being completely occupied with their Christmas presents.

And that was the first time that Chris and Helen saw the little Gypsy dog.

CHAPTER IV

THE GYPSY DOG FINDS A NEW HOME

BACK of the house where Chris and Helen lived was a clear space, in which there stood a long pole planted in the earth. From the top of this pole a rubber ball in a net hung at the end of a long string. On the day after Christmas the back door of the house opened and Helen appeared, carrying a racket in her hand; closely following her came her brother, also armed with a racket.

The children took their places, one at each side of the pole, and then began a game of tether-ball.

It is exciting, and, like most good games, a little trying to the temper. Each player attempts to wind the ball close up to the pole by

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

hitting it with the racket, and when it begins to wind up the way the other player wants to have it, you are very good-natured if you do not feel like whacking something else than the ball that goes whirling high above your head.

Chris won the first game, Helen won the second, and the third was a struggle. Whang, bang went the rackets, and the ball flew wildly around, first one way and then the other.

Just as it was almost wound up the way Helen was driving it the string broke, and the ball flew off and fell among some thick bushes.

The children started to search for it, when suddenly out from the bushes came the very same little dog they had seen chased by the Gypsy on Christmas day, and in the dog's mouth was the ball for which they were searching. At the other end of the dog, so to speak, there was a sort of blur, by which the children saw that a stumpy tail was being wagged at a high rate of speed.

The little dog came trotting up to them and dropped the ball at their feet, but the tail kept

THE GYPSY DOG FINDS A NEW HOME

on wagging without a moment's rest. Dogs wag their tails in a dozen ways. There is a sort of wag that says: "Oh, I wish you'd pay some attention to me. Kick me, if you like, but do pay attention to me. I'll do anything if you'll only speak to me!" Dogs that wag their tails in that way usually roll over with crazy delight at a word.

The little Gypsy dog was not that sort. His tail-wagging seemed to say: "How do you do? I'm a mighty pleasant kind of a dog when I am treated right, and I rather like your looks. Suppose we make friends?"

So plainly was this the message of the tail-signaling that Chris said:

"Come here, old fellow. You're a fine dog, and it was nice of you to bring back the ball;" and then he held out his hand toward the dog, and kept it still until he was sure patting would be agreeable to his new friend.

Helen, too, went down on her knees, and gently put one hand on the little dog's neck. In

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

the delight of this meeting the game of tether-ball was forgotten and never finished.

While the children were making friends with the dog, suddenly the Gypsy, who had been chasing him the day before, rushed forward from around the corner of the house and seized the dog by one of the hind legs, at the same time striking him with a switch or light cane he carried.

“You little wretch! *Howie been baishen, Jucal? Ruffie lee ma*—I will *feck* a bar and *mar* you, Jucal!” cried the Gypsy.

At first the children were so surprised by the sudden appearance of the man that they could only watch him with open eyes. But as soon as he struck the dog Helen crouched close to the dog to protect him, and cried boldly:

“Here, stop that, this instant! You sha’n’t beat the little dog!”

The Gypsy looked angrily at her, and then said, quickly:

“*Chee, chee!* Hush, little *Raunie*, the *Jucal*

THE GYPSY DOG FINDS A NEW HOME

is mine. *Jaw vree.* Go away and mind your business. The dog is my own, and I'll beat him if I please. Take away your hands, or perhaps you'll get a taste of the stick, too!"

The Gypsy had kept hold of the dog's leg, and now raised his switch again as if to carry out his threat. But, as soon as he made this motion, Chris, who had said nothing, raised his racket and brought it down so hard on the man's arm that he dropped his switch and began to hop about with pain and rage. Then he turned angrily to the boy. But Chris never budged. He eyed the man coolly and kept his racket ready.

"The dog may be yours," said Chris, "but my sister is mine. And I don't allow any one to raise a hand to her."

Seeing the boy's boldness, the Gypsy became more respectful. He glanced uneasily at the windows of the house, for he could not believe the boy would be so brave unless some grown person was near.

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

Chris's father had gone to the city, and his mother had gone with her husband. The servants were all women, and Chris had no reason to think there was any aid near; but he stood his ground without flinching, and the Gypsy spoke more politely.

"Little *riah*," said he, "I don't blame you for standing by your sister. I was wrong to raise a hand to her. But I came for my dog"—at this moment the Gypsy paused and looked about him. The dog, as soon as the Gypsy had let him go, must have run away, for he was nowhere to be seen.

"It is no use talking now," said the Gypsy with a grin. "You can't give what you have n't got. But I know the dog well. He will be about here, and so I'll be back again for him. If he comes, shut him into the cellar and keep him till the morning. Your father will be home then, and I'll see whether he will not tell you to give me my own. I'm no *jucal-femler*, and, if you wish to keep the dog, you can pay me

THE GYPSY DOG FINDS A NEW HOME

my price. Now, I will *jaw drom*. So, *bauriedews*."

Thereupon the Gypsy touched his slouch hat, picked up his stick and sauntered off.

"Were n't you afraid of him?" said Helen, when the man was out of sight.

"No," Chris answered. "Besides, what could I do? I could n't leave you, could I? I wonder where the little dog is?"

Chris began to whistle very softly, and then, as there was no answer, more loudly. Helen, too, began to say: "Here, doggie! Here, doggie!" and both children walked about among the bushes trying to find him.

They kept this up for a while, but at last became tired of searching. They had lost interest in their game of tether-ball and decided to go indoors. Then, as they reached the back door and turned the knob, there came a rustle in the bushes, a quick rush, and the little dog was dancing about them with head and tail trying to shake out good-will.

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

“Open the door, quick, Chris!” cried Helen, “and we ’ll take him in.”

So soon as there was a crack wide enough to admit his body the dog wriggled in and the children followed. The door was shut and bolted, and the children at last felt safe.

Apparently their little guest also felt safe, for he at once quieted down and trotted along by the children, sniffing here and there, as all good dogs do upon visiting a new place. Once or twice he sniffed loudly, almost as if he were sneezing—which is a way dogs have. It is as if they did n’t like the scent and wished to be rid of it.

The children would have been glad to play with their new companion, but they soon saw that he was too tired for sport. He seemed willing to oblige, but was drowsy; and, seeing a low and cosy armchair in a corner of the sitting-room, he turned his head on one side as if to ask permission, and then hopped into the chair, turned around three times to wind himself up,

THE GYPSY DOG FINDS A NEW HOME

and went to sleep before he had more than settled himself in a comfortable coil.

Chris and Helen sat down on the hearth-rug, and began to discuss what their father would say about the Gypsy's right to his dog.

"Of course, a man has a right to his own property," said Christopher, "and if he says he must have the dog, why, I suppose, we must give it up."

Just then the little sleeper in the chair stirred uneasily and softly whimpered in his dreams.

"Hear him," exclaimed Helen. "It may be as you say, Chris. But I know one thing, and that is, the man has no right to whip the dog when he 's good."

"But, perhaps, he 's not a good dog," Chris suggested.

"Oh, he 's a good dog," Helen answered. "I know he is."

"How do you know?"

"Why, because of the way he wagged his tail

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

when he asked to come in with us, and because of his being so polite about the chair."

"When was he polite?" Chris asked.

"Did n't you see him? Why, he would n't even get into the chair till he had said, 'May I?' I tell you, he's a well-bred dog, and he does n't belong to the Gypsy."

"That's just like you," said Chris, smiling at her. "You go to making up a lot of things about the dog, and then thinking them all true. We don't know a thing about him."

"Yes, we do," Helen insisted. "I can tell whether I like a dog in the same way I can tell whether I like a person. And this little fellow is a fine dog. So I say let's keep him if we can."

The dog slept most of the afternoon, and did not really become wideawake until dinner-time, after the father and mother had come from the city.

Chris and Helen were so eager to tell all about the Gypsy's visit and the coming of their new

THE GYPSY DOG FINDS A NEW HOME

pet, that they had to be suppressed, and sent to make ready for dinner. Then during the dinner they had no chance to talk, because table chatterboxes were not in favor in that house.

But when the after-dinner coffee was served, their father turned to them and said:

“Now, Helen and Chris, you have the floor, provided you do not both talk at once. Suppose you begin, little girl, and tell me about your first sight of the new dog; afterward Chris can give the facts concerning Mr. Gypsy’s visit and other important matters down to the present time. Meanwhile, I will see that our small guest does n’t suffer from hunger.”

The little dog had remained quietly upon a rug before the fire, never once begging even to be noticed; and now when food was put before him he helped himself without either greediness or fussing.

Then Chris and Helen told their stories, their father and mother listening attentively, and now

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

and then asking a question. When the stories were finished, the father said :

“I think I should have done precisely what you have done—that is, if I wanted the dog. Of course, the dog may belong to the Gypsy, but then, again, he may not. If the Gypsy does n’t own the dog, why, it may be that you can keep him. I doubt whether the fellow ever comes back.”

“I hope the Gypsy will not come,” said their mother. “The children have been wild to have a pet ever since they have learned to know Galopoff, the pony. If they can’t have a pony, I’d be glad to have them own a nice dog. I hope the Gypsy does n’t come after him.”

Just then the door-bell rang.

CHAPTER V

THE GYPSY'S FLIGHT

HEARING the bell, the party at the dinner-table became silent. They could not help listening, for all believed that the Gypsy had come. After a moment the maid entered, and told Chris's father that there was a man in the hall who wished to see "the gentleman of the house."

"Do you know him?" the father asked.

"No, sir," the maid replied; "but, if you'll excuse me, sir, I think it's the Gypsy gentleman I heard the children talking about. He looks like that. He is sort of a dark, and—"

"Very well. Show him into the reception-room, and ask him to be kind enough to wait a

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

moment. As soon as I finish my cup of coffee I will see him."

The maid left the room, and Helen said :

"Oh, father, have we got to give up the dog?"

"I can't tell yet," her father replied. "I must hear the man's story, and then I will decide what we ought to do. You wish to do what is right, of course?"

"Yes, father," said Helen, slowly, "I suppose I do, but it is ever so much nicer when it's right to do what you want to do. I never had just the kind of dog I like best, and this one is such a bright little fellow."

"I believe the Gypsy stole him," said Chris, boldly.

"You should n't say that," remarked his mother. "It is n't fair to the man."

"Well, I will see what the 'Gypsy gentleman' has to say for himself," the father said, and left the room.

There was little talk in the dining-room after

THE GYPSY'S FLIGHT

the father had gone. Both Helen and Chris sat quite still gazing at the sleeping dog, and wishing they could hear what was being said in the reception-room. Gradually they began to hear the sound of one voice that became louder and louder. It was not their father's voice, so they knew that the Gypsy was arguing for his rights. At length their father returned, and, speaking quietly, as he always did, addressed the children:

"I wish," he said, "that you would come with me. I would like you to hear what the Gypsy says about you."

Chris and Helen were only too glad to go, and both jumped down from their chairs and followed their father. They found the Gypsy seated in a large arm-chair with his legs sprawled far out on the rug. As soon as he saw the children enter he rose to his feet, and scowled crossly at them.

"Now, you shall see—" he began, but the children's father interrupted him.

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

Excuse me," he said, "but I will, if you please, let the children know what you have said. You can correct me if I do not state it as you told it to me." Then, turning to Christopher, the father went on: "He blames you for having taken the dog from him. He says that on Christmas day you and Helen came walking toward their camp in the edge of the woods; that you called the dog; that the dog ran to you; that he followed, and the dog then ran to our house. Then, he says, he came next day while you were playing some game with rackets, and demanded his dog. You then said he could not have his dog, and, when he tried to take it, you, Christopher, struck him. Now, is that true?"

"It is the truth, every word," said the Gypsy, frowning at Christopher, and shaking his finger.

"I asked my son," said the father, "and you must let him answer."

"But the boy will deny it—" said the Gypsy.

THE GYPSY'S FLIGHT

Christopher's father turned on him so fiercely that the Gypsy backed away.

"Be silent, or you will leave my house at once," said the father. "Now, Christopher, you may answer."

"Part of it is true, part of it is not," said Christopher. "We did go walking near their camp, but we did n't call the dog. The dog ran away, and this man chased him, and threw stones at him. Then it is true that the dog came to our house, but it was all by himself. When this man came after the dog, he caught him by the leg and began to whip him, Helen told him not to, and then he raised a switch to hit her—"

"I would not do such a thing!" exclaimed the Gypsy.

But Chris, without taking his eyes from his father's face, went right on—"and so I hit him with my racket. That is the truth."

"Very well," said his father. "Now, how about the dog?"

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

"We did take him into the house," Chris said, "because he ran away from this man and did not come out of the bushes till he had gone. I don't know whether that was right, but I thought it was. And I'd like to keep him if we may."

"But the dog is mine," said the Gypsy.

"I am not yours."

There was a new voice in the room. All turned, and there, on top of a small table, was the little dog, sitting up, as he had been taught to do in Paris by his master.

For a moment all gazed in silence. Then there came the sound of the dog's voice again.

"I am not yours," he repeated. "You stole me from my master and brought me to America."

"But," said Christopher's father, in rather a scared voice, "I did not know dogs can speak."

"Lots can't," replied the little dog. "But my master taught me. I was the only friend he had. I speak French best, but English a little. I have heard English while with this thief;

THE GYPSY'S FLIGHT

for he is a thief. He stole me in Paris and brought me here. I *must* talk to tell you."

The Gypsy seemed struck dumb. He gazed hopelessly about, and then suddenly darted through the door, out into the hallway, and in a minute more they all heard the front door bang. The man had run away.

As soon as the door shut, the little dog jumped to the floor and trotted back into the dining-room. The father, son and daughter looked at one another speechless with amazement. At last Helen spoke :

"Was n't that clever of him?"

"But," her father replied, "I am simply amazed! He certainly talked. I heard him."

"So did I," said Christopher, nodding his head.

"Of course, he did," said Helen, too ; "but I'm glad of it. I always wanted a pet that could talk, and now we've got one. Oh! I am delighted!" and she began to jump up and down.

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

"But think of the wonder of it," said her father.

"Parrots talk," said Helen, "and so do ravens, and some other birds ; and I'm sure a dog knows more than a bird."

"It is the most remarkable thing I ever—" said her father, and then he stopped.

"Let us go in and see him," said Christopher.

So they all returned to the dining-room, where they found the dog curled up in the chair where they had left him, and seeming to be fast asleep.

"How strangely you all look!" said the mother as they entered. "What has happened?"

"It is no wonder," her husband replied. "We were arguing with the Gypsy when suddenly the little dog came in and began to *talk*."

"You must be dreaming," she said. "It is impossible."

"We all heard him," said Helen.

"It is absurd," her mother insisted. "You

THE GYPSY'S FLIGHT

are excited, and you took his growling for words."

"We all understood him," Christopher insisted.

"Perhaps the Gypsy pretended to make him talk," said his mother. "They are tricky people."

"That might be," the father agreed.

"But the dog called him a thief, and said that he stole him," said Helen, "and the Gypsy man ran away."

"Still, he may have been frightened when Christopher contradicted him," said her father, "and he may have taken that way to escape. I will believe almost anything rather than that the dog talked, even though I thought I heard him."

"But parrots talk," Helen said once more.

"So they do. Suppose you go to bed," said her father. "At all events, you have the dog, whether he can talk or not, and that is the main thing. I think I will go over to the Gypsy-camp to-morrow. Possibly I can make it all

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

right with the man. He seemed to be frightened about something, and perhaps if I give him some money to let us keep the dog that will make all satisfactory."

"Yes, please, do, father," said Christopher. "For even supposing the dog did talk—and I think he did, really—he may not have told the truth, and I'd like to feel that we had some right to him."

"I've a good idea," exclaimed Helen. "You and I will give father our Christmas gold-pieces, and then we shall feel that the dog is our very own—that is, if the Gypsy is willing."

Their father did not wish to take their money, but they were so eager, and so much displeased when he refused, that before they went to bed they had persuaded him to take their Christmas money to pay for the little dog.

The next day their father went to the camp and met the Gypsy. At first the Gypsy said he did not care anything more for the dog, and even refused to talk about him; but when he

THE GYPSY'S FLIGHT

saw that it was the father's wish to pay something for the little fellow, he gladly took the money, saying: "Let it be for good-luck, then."

Later in the day the camp was broken up, the Gypsies packed their belongings into wagons, and a long procession wound over the hill and far away.

So the little dog succeeded in finding Christopher and Helen, as Galopoff had advised. But although the children talked often to him, he would only bark or wag his tail, and seemed to forget that he had spoken.

"What shall we name him?" asked Helen, a few days after the Gypsy's visit.

"The Gypsy called him some queer thing like 'Jackal,'" said Christopher, "but I don't think that is a good name."

"I'll tell you what," Helen exclaimed, "we have been calling him 'the Gypsy's dog,' and we are used to that. Suppose we just name him 'Gypsy.' There is a good, short name for that—

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

Gyp. Besides, it will remind us that he came from the Gypsy camp.

“But, if he is stolen, that is n’t his right name,” Christopher objected.

“If he did talk—” Helen began, but Chris interrupted.

“You know he did. Father and mother may doubt it, but they ’re not used to make-believe, and so things surprise them.”

“Well,” Helen went on, “we ’ll wait till he tells us his true name, and meanwhile we will call him Gypsy.”

CHAPTER VI

A CONFIDENTIAL TALK

CHRIS and Helen were for several days eager that the dog, whom they now always called Gypsy, should talk with them, or, at least, make a remark, so that they might be sure he had talked. But though he looked very wise and seemed to understand what was said to him, he would do nothing more than other dogs do—bark, growl, sniff, and now and then whine.

The truth is, that Gypsy was thinking. He was wondering whether he had done right in speaking. He had done so because he was afraid he would be sent away to the Gypsies' camp again, and he had not been treated well while there. They had tried to make him per-

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

form tricks, so that they might earn money by exhibiting him, but he had never done any more than he had to do.

Still, he wondered whether it would not have been better to have waited. Possibly he might not have been sent away, and he had never talked before to any human being except his old master. While he was thinking this over, he suddenly remembered that in their talk on the steamship Galopoff had advised him, or at least encouraged him, to speak. So now he made up his mind to have a talk with the pony.

How should he find out where the pony lived?

Of course, Chris or Helen would have told him if he had asked; but Gypsy did not like to ask. He puzzled over the question for a long time, while he lay dozing in a nice woolly rug that had been put near the open fire for his use, and at last he thought of a plan that might work. He had kept pretty closely to the house, but he was not confined in any way, and so, after Chris

A CONFIDENTIAL TALK

and Helen had gone to school in the morning, he had freedom to go wherever he chose.

He began by studying over the roads near the house until he had a good idea where they went. Then he ran out for a mile or two upon one of them, and began to trot about in a great circle, keeping the house in view. In this way he went all around until he came to the place where he had started—the very road along which he had run away from the Gypsy camp.

The next day he made a wider circle ; and the day after one still wider.

He hoped in time to find some road over which the pony had gone. He thought he should be able to come upon some of Galopoff's tracks, and, with the wonderful power of scent that dogs have, he would then be able to keep to the track until he could follow Galopoff home.

The plan succeeded. One day, it was the fifth after he began his search, he suddenly recognized the scent that he remembered meant the little pony. Gypsy was so delighted that he

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

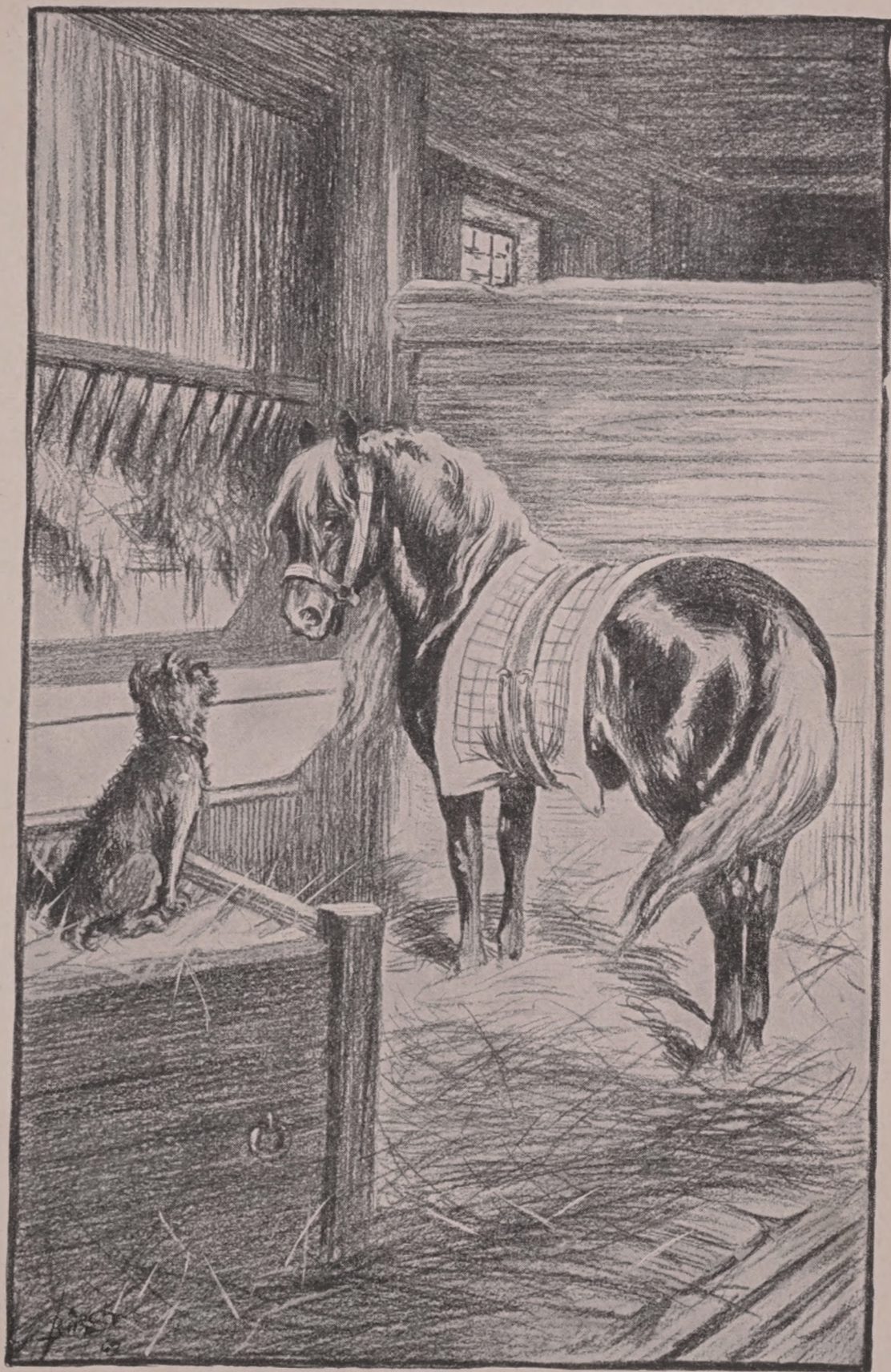
jumped into the air and squealed with joy, and then with nose close to the ground he began to track the pony's course. Away he went, trotting as fast as he could follow the tracks, and so busy that he forgot everything else.

Suddenly he heard something coming up behind him, and, before he could turn, a voice cried out:

“Look out there, puppy!”

Gypsy jumped aside, looked up, and there close behind him was a pony carriage, with Galopoff between the shafts! The voice that had called to him was that of the lady who was driving. Gypsy was so excited that he ran along beside the carriage, barking as loud as he could.

Apparently, Galopoff did not recognize his little friend, for he trotted briskly along without paying any attention. The lady in the carriage—she was alone—seemed amused by the dog's playfulness, for she spoke to him kindly, and chirruped to him. But he had no eyes for



Gypsy—3.

“‘DON’T YOU KNOW ME, GALPOFF?’ ASKED GYPSY.”

See p. 75.

A CONFIDENTIAL TALK

her, as he was trying to get near enough to the pony's head to exchange a word or two with him. Two or three times the dog came almost to the pony's nose, but just as Gypsy began to think he could begin the conversation the pony would go a little faster, and then Gypsy's legs would have to fly to keep up. Faster and faster they went, until the lady said :

“Whoa, there, Galopoff! Where are you going? Surely you 're not frightened by that foolish little puppy!”

But Galopoff only turned his head slyly, closed one eye, and then went on faster than ever. At length Gypsy began to tire. He had never been used to running very fast, and, besides, he had been a long way that morning and was tired when the race began. So Gypsy decided that he could n't catch Galopoff, and would have to let the pony go on. He slowed down, meaning to follow the carriage at a distance. To his surprise, no sooner did he change from a run to a trot than the pony also slackened his pace, and

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

the slower Gypsy went the slower also went Galopoff.

Then he knew that the pony had been playing with him, and so he gave himself no trouble to do more than just keep along back of the carriage. They went on for a mile or so at a gentle jog-trot, and then Galopoff turned into a stone gateway, stopped before a pretty house, and the lady got out, leaving the pony to take the carriage to the stable by himself. The lady kindly patted Gypsy as she left the carriage, and then she went indoors.

Gypsy followed Galopoff to the stable, and, seeing that the pony would not talk until he chose, the little dog sat quietly by until the unharnessing was over and Galopoff was in his stable—the beautiful stable that had been put up for him especially.

The little dog had sat by so quietly that the stableman—who was really not much more than a boy, being a nephew of Patrick, Galopoff's old friend—made no objection when Gypsy followed

A CONFIDENTIAL TALK

Galopoff into the stall. The boy's name was Terence. He had been instructed to let Galopoff have his own way, and he saw that the pony did not object to the dog; so Terence went about his business, and Gypsy and Galopoff were left together.

"Don't you know me, Galopoff?" asked Gypsy.

"Yes," said the pony; "but it is a dog's age since I saw you on the steamer."

"Not quite," said Gypsy; "but it is a good many months. Well, I'm here."

"So I see," answered the pony, "and you made very good time getting here. I really had to trot quite fast to keep ahead of you."

"But why did you? I wanted to speak to you and to tell you how I came. Why did you run away from me? Did n't you know me?"

"Certainly, I knew you well enough," Galopoff replied; "but I thought we'd better wait until we were by ourselves. Now, I shall be glad to hear about your adventures since I saw

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

you with the Gypsy men. I suppose you took my advice and ran away?"

Gypsy told Galopoff about his life with the Gypsies; about his escape, and finally about the scene where the Gypsy had come to claim him.

"And now, Galopoff," he said, "I'm worried because I had to speak out before all three—yes, all four of them. I was afraid, you see, that they might give me back to the Gypsies. But now they all know that I can talk, and I'm afraid they will want me to talk all the time."

"As a rule," Galopoff said, "it is wisest for us talking-animals to speak only to children. But I don't see what else you could do. If I were you, I would n't trouble myself about it any more. You know that they can't make us talk."

"I know," Gypsy answered, "but I am afraid now that they won't let me go."

"Go where?"

"Go back to my old master."

A CONFIDENTIAL TALK

“Why should you wish to go?” asked Galopoff, pulling a wisp of straw from his feed-box and chewing it slowly, as he looked kindly down at the serious-faced little dog.

“Did I ever tell you about my French master?” Gypsy asked, and then went on: “I know I did n’t. You see, he and I were not like most. I was really all he had in the world. He was poor and miserable when I first met him. He brought me from my country home when I was a tiny puppy; why, I had hardly got used to having my eyes open, and I think he bought me only because he was lonely. At that time he was a clown in a small circus—not the kind that travels about, but the kind that—”

“Does n’t,” said Galopoff. “I know: I was a circus pony once, before I made my fortune and retired.”

“Before that he had been a soldier, and had fought somewhere in those foreign countries none of us knows anything about—”

“Speak for yourself,” said Galopoff, inter-

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

rupting. "You mean Tonkin. It is a country with which I am not unfamiliar, but one of which you, of course, know little. It is not your fault—but go on."

"Yes, I think that was the name of it. He was wounded there, so he could n't do the tricks he used to do, and he then became a clown. Clowns lead very sad lives at home."

"How absurd!" Galopoff exclaimed. "Clowns are just like other people. See here, my friend—by the way, what is your name now?"

"The children named me Gypsy," the dog replied, "and I think I like the name very well. Don't you?"

"It is a charming name," Galopoff replied. "I think that most names that begin with G *are* charming. But never mind, I was going to advise you not to make so many remarks about things. Go right on with your story. I know most of the things you put in to fill up, and you have n't much time. I shall have to send you

A CONFIDENTIAL TALK

home pretty soon, as I have a thinking-engagement with myself this afternoon."

"Yes, sir," answered Gypsy, "I will try to tell a straight story. Well, as I said, my master had no friends, and he lived alone in a little attic. He went out into the country, one day that the circus was closed, and, seeing me playing before a cottage, he burst out laughing because I was so—"

"Awkward?" asked Galopoff, slyly.

"No, graceful," Gypsy replied, gravely. "So he went in and bought me from the peasant woman and took me home. As soon as I was old enough he began to teach me tricks. The first thing he taught me was to sit up, and then he taught me to—"

"Sit down," Galopoff suggested.

"No, sir, to roll over," Gypsy answered, "and so it went on until I had completed the first part of my education. I must have learned rapidly, because, although my master could teach me for only an hour or so a day, yet about the time

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

I was about a year old I was ready to be exhibited.

“Then he took me into the circus and gave me an act. To those unfamiliar with circus-life—”

“Stop right there,” said Galopoff. “That is the kind of remark I want you to leave out. I graduated from the circus before you were littered.”

“I forgot,” Gypsy said, and resumed his story: “Soon my master found that the people were delighted with my part of the show, and he thought he could make more money by showing me in the street. He bought a big drum, so that I could stand on it and do my tricks, and we started in business for ourselves.”

“Was the venture profitable?” Galopoff inquired.

“Sir?” Gypsy asked.

“Did it pay?”

“Oh, yes, sir. Those were our happy days. How little we think that those happy times—”

A CONFIDENTIAL TALK

"Whoa, there!" Galopoff exclaimed.

"Yes, sir; I forgot," said Gypsy. "We had a good time then, and my master began to teach me to talk. I knew only dog-language, pig-language, hen-talk and pigeon-lingo, with just a few words of country French when he began; but I soon learned to talk easily with him. My master was amazed when he found I really talked long sentences, but no one would believe what he said about it, and I would n't talk when anyone else was there."

"I think," said Galopoff, interrupting him, "that I shall have to bring this very pleasant interview to an early close. I have found your story a very delightful one, and now I suggest that you tell me in a few words what is troubling you at present. You have a good home, plenty to eat, no poor master to bother about, and you can simply settle down as a petted lap-dog, and grow old and fat at your leisure."

At this remark Gypsy rose from the stable floor, and began to trot toward the door.

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

Galopoff trotted after him, stopped him at the door and inquired :

“ Where did you think you were going ? ”

Gypsy stopped, as indeed he had to, for Galopoff stood directly in front of him.

“ I was going home,” Gypsy said. “ I did not like what you said about being a petted lap-dog. I am a respectable dog. I have always worked for my living, and whatever petting I have had I have earned. Besides, I care something about my master. He has always shared fairly with me, and I can’t bear to think that he is in want while I have more than I need.

“ You come right back here,” Galopoff answered. “ I said that only to see whether you were in earnest. You ’re a little trump—that’s what you are. I divide dogs into two classes : trumps and tramps—those that do some giving as well as getting, and those that take all they get, and growl because there is n’t more of it.”

The two animals walked back to where they had been talking.

A CONFIDENTIAL TALK

“Now,” said Galopoff, “you may consider me your friend. Galopoff is your friend. That means a great deal, you will find. I think you are quite right to do something for your old master. I did the same toward mine, and now we are both prosperous. I advise you now to go straight home, and, as soon as a good opportunity presents itself, you have a talk with your master—the children’s father, I mean. Tell him briefly about your life and your wishes. There are some human beings that animals can trust. I have trusted my friends, and all has gone well with me. Did you ever read my life?”

“No,” said Gypsy; “I can’t read very fast in English, and not much better in French.”

“You should read it,” said Galopoff. “It is published, with illustrations. I’ll send you a copy of it some day when you have time to read it carefully. Of course, it does n’t do me justice. but it gives some idea of my career. I think I shall write an autobiography some day.”

“Something about a horseless—”

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

“G-r-r-rh!” said Galopoff. “Don’t mention the senseless things! What would you think of an iron dog that wagged its tail by clockwork and barked by stem?”

“I do not like the idea,” said Gypsy, with a sniff of disdain. “It seems very undoggy.”

“That will show you why I hate autos,” Galopoff said. “But to return. You must tell your new master that you would like to go in search of your old one. Let him help you. Remember not to frighten him at first by talking too much. Say a word or two, and then let him get used to the idea that you can talk.”

“Good-bye, Galopoff,” said Gypsy. “You have been very kind, and I appreciate it.”

“I’m not kind; it’s my disposition,” the pony replied. “People are good to me, and so I am good to others. Come and see me again, after your talk, and we’ll decide what to do next. I like your pluck in running away from the Gypsies, and you may count on me to do all I can to help you.”

A CONFIDENTIAL TALK

The sun was far down, and the roads were shadowy when Gypsy took his way back to his home.

“Not a bad little puppy,” remarked Galopoff to himself. “but he needs guidance.”

CHAPTER VII

IN THE GYPSY CAMP

ONE day while the old Gypsy and the young one—the very same two that stole the dog from the poor French acrobat—were playing cards near a fire before their tent in the woods, the younger man drew some coins from his pocket. Nearly all of them were silver, but among them were two goldpieces—the very pieces that Chris and Helen had found in their stockings that Christmas morning, and later had paid as the price for keeping the dog.

The old Gypsy, whose name was Alexander, had quick eyes, and, before the young man—his name was Joe—could slip the money back into his pocket, Alexander cried out :

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

“Oho, ohé! I see yellow! Have you found a gold mine? And how does it happen that you have kept so much of the *sonnakie*?”

“I don’t know what you mean,” Joe answered, hiding the money as quickly as he could.

“*Sonnakie*? Why, ’t is the name of our folk for gold, as you know well enough,” Alexander replied.

“The word I know, but your meaning I don’t know.”

“Don’t be foolish,” the old man insisted. “I saw the yellow boys in your hand plain enough. So where did you get them?”

“I did n’t want them,” Joe replied; “but somebody gave me them—and they ’ve brought me no luck since I took them. You remember the little dog we brought from Paris?”

“Yes,” Alexander replied; “where is he? I missed him when I came back from the Big Town.”

“Those two yellow counters are what I got for the pup,” said Joe.

IN THE GYPSY CAMP

“You sold him too cheap—far too cheap—even though he cost us little enough,” said the old Gypsy, angrily. “If I had been here, the dog would not have been sold. He was worth ever so much.”

“I could n’t help myself,” said Joe. “Wait until you have heard about it, and you won’t blame me.”

Alexander drew out his pipe and filled it in silence, waiting for the young Gypsy to tell his story. Then began a long talk that lasted until their supper-time, and was even continued afterwards until each man had wrapped himself in his blanket and was sound asleep under a wagon. At first the older man scolded, when he had heard about the loss of the dog, and then he decided upon a plan to “make everything all right again,” as he put it.

Whatever the plan was, it seemed to require that Joe should arise early next morning; for he was the first up in the camp. As he had not undressed, he had only to wash at the stream

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

near by, pull on his old cap, seize his walking-stick, and he was ready to depart.

He did not even wait for breakfast, but took the road at a swinging pace, and left the camp behind him without the knowledge of any one except old Alexander.

Gypsy Joe walked all that morning, stopping only to buy a sandwich as he went through a town on his way, and this he ate under a tree beside the road. During the afternoon he was hailed by a farmer driving in a wagon, and invited to ride. Joe hopped in, and proved so jolly and amusing that the farmer insisted upon going a mile or two out of his way in order to take Joe to the next town. This town was on a railroad, and, going to the station, Joe bought a ticket, and rode for an hour or two in the cars.

By evening Joe was within a mile or two of the house where Chris and Helen lived, and it was only just becoming dark when he knocked at the back door.

To the servant Joe spoke politely, asking to

IN THE GYPSY CAMP

see the master of the house for a moment. He was invited in, but refused the invitation, preferring to wait outside. Before long the children's father appeared and asked :

“ Did you wish to see me ? ”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ Oh,” said the father, “ you are the man that came after the dog.”

“ Yes, sir. And I have come again. I have made up my mind that I wish to buy the dog back again, and I have brought the money.”

For a moment the father hesitated. He did not know exactly what to do. He did not wish to give up the dog, and yet he was not quite certain of his right to keep him. At length, remembering what had happened the last time Joe was there, he said :

“ I do not think you have any right to the dog. You ran away when you were accused of stealing him. That was not like an honest man. Then you took the money for him, and you left this part of the country, or at least you did not

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

come again to the house. Now you ask to *buy* the dog that you say is yours already. You can see for yourself that you do not act as an honest man would act. If you had insisted from the first upon having the dog, I might have told the children to give him up. But now I think it would not be fair to them to let you buy him again."

"Then you will not sell me the dog?"

"No," the other replied firmly. "The dog belongs, so far as I know, to my children. You have made a fair bargain—even if the dog was yours, and, if they wish to keep the dog, I shall not ask them to give him up."

"Will you see whether your children will let me have the dog again?" Joe asked.

"Certainly. Wait a moment, and I will ask them."

Joe sat down on the doorstep outside, and the father went to consult Chris and Helen. In a short time he returned.

"No," said he. "They say they think they

IN THE GYPSY CAMP

have a right to the dog now, and they will not give him up. Besides, to tell you the truth, I don't believe you can keep that dog, even if he were given to you."

"Why not?"

"Because, when the dog heard me speak of selling him, he immediately ran out of the open door and hid himself somewhere. I feel sure he would run away if you attempted to keep him."

"Let me get a steel chain on him, and he will stay as long as I chose," said the Gypsy. "But no matter. We Gypsies have our own laws, and one of them is that we keep our bargains. So long as I took money for the dog he was yours. But now I want the dog, and I shall have him whether you sell him or not. So take back your money. Here are the very goldpieces. Good-bye."

Then, before a word could be said, the Gypsy threw the gold, jingling, to the floor, and, turning, was gone into the night.

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

The father followed to the door and listened. But it was already dark, and it was impossible to see which way the Gypsy had gone. So, returning, the father picked up the goldpieces and took them with him to the room where Chris and Helen were sitting by the lamp, studying their lessons for the next day.

“What did he say, father?” asked Chris. “Have we got to give up the dog?”

“He said that he would have the dog in spite of us,” his father replied, and he repeated the conversation as nearly as he could recall it, ending by showing their goldpieces. “You may as well have them, for they are not mine, and the Gypsy refuses to keep them.”

Helen exclaimed: “I don’t want the money, and he shall not have the dog,” and she looked ready to cry.

But Chris calmly picked up the five-dollar goldpiece and thrust it into his pocket, saying: “The more fool he! I’ll keep the money, and I’m glad to get it. And I’ll keep the dog,

IN THE GYPSY CAMP

too. If he thinks he can steal so bright a dog as Gypsy, with me and you to look out for him, he 'll find he has a tough job."

"I am almost sorry," said their mother, "that we ever saw the dog—nice as he is. For I 'm afraid the Gypsies may make trouble for us. Still, I don't blame you for keeping him."

CHAPTER VIII

PLANS FOR A JOURNEY

AS Joe was slinking away in the darkness he was suddenly startled by a barking close at his heels. Before he thought he jumped into the air and began to run. Gypsy—for it was the little dog who had seized the opportunity to annoy his old enemy—ran after the man for a few rods, snapping at the heels of his shoes, barking and making all the noise he could. In a few minutes Joe stopped, and, turning round, waited for the dog to come up, hoping to catch him.

But the dog was too wise to keep up the attack. He had meant only to give Joe a good scare, and, having done that, he now turned and made his

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

way home, chuckling and wagging his tail to himself in the dark.

Gypsy's wandering, outdoor life had made him wise and cautious. He did not know but that Joe might be sly enough to slip back to the house before him, and so Gypsy followed the man's trail at a distance until sure that he was not coming back.

It was so late when Gypsy returned to his home that Chris and Helen had gone to bed. Their mother was sitting at her sewing in the parlor, and the father was in his study reading. Gypsy scratched at the door until let in, and then trotted into the study, jumping softly into a chair near the table where the children's father was sitting.

"So you are back again, you wise little fellow?" his master began. "You showed your good sense by keeping out of the way, for that man would have picked you up and carried you off like a bag of meal."

"Grumph!" said Gypsy, moving uneasily.

PLANS FOR A JOURNEY

"But there is one thing I don't understand," the man went on, really talking to himself, "and that is about your speaking that night. I'm certain *somebody* spoke."

"Grumph!" said Gypsy again. He was trying to make up his mind to talk, but it came hard to begin.

"That's right, old fellow! speak up!" said the master, laughing.

Now, this made Gypsy a little angry. It was as if his master thought he was an ordinary dog that could n't speak if he liked. Being angry, Gypsy spoke right out before he thought:

"Then I *will* speak," said he. "If you will listen for a few minutes, I'd like to explain things."

"So you *can* speak!" exclaimed his master. "I shall begin to believe in fairy stories next. How came you to learn?"

One gets used to anything. The first time Gypsy spoke it had seemed almost miraculous. Now it was simply wonderful; and, as he went

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

on talking, his master soon forgot that it was even unusual.

“My master taught me. He was one of those that travel about the streets of Paris giving shows in the little parks and on the sidewalks,” said Gypsy; and then he briefly went over his story again, much as he had told it to Galopoff.

When he had finished, the children’s father, who had listened very attentively, remained silent for some time before he had thought out just what he wished to say. At last he said:

“What you have told me has made me understand much better all that has happened. Now I can see that, though you were willing to come to us for a while rather than stay with those men that stole you, yet you would like to get back to your old master. Am I right?”

“Yes, sir,” the dog replied. “He was good to me; I helped him make his living, and now he is all alone in the world, and I don’t know how he can make money enough to get along.”

“He made a living before he had you.”

PLANS FOR A JOURNEY

“True enough,” Gypsy replied; “but that was when he was in the circus. Since I have been with him he has not kept in practice, and other men have taken his place. Besides, I know he did not like to work in the circus. I think I ought to get back to him if I can. You have been good to me to defend me when that man tried to get me back, and your children, too, have treated me kindly; but unless you or they very much wish me to stay, I think I should like to leave for a while.”

“They have gone to bed now,” said their father; “but in the morning I will have a little talk with them, and see how they feel about it.”

“Thank you, sir,” Gypsy replied, gratefully; “now I will say good-night.”

“Good-night. And, by the way, what is your name? For, of course, ‘Gypsy’ can’t be it.”

“No, sir; I had a different name. In fact, I have had several. But, if you don’t mind, I think I will keep the name the children gave

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

me. You see, that name will always remind me of the time I spent in the Gypsies' camp, and so it will keep me on the alert to avoid being stolen by those men again."

"I hope your lodging here is to your liking?" the father asked.

"Entirely so," was the answer. "I have never fared better. Good-night."

Next morning the father talked with Chris and Helen about Gypsy. He told them what the little dog had said, and asked them to think it over during the day. They were delighted to learn that Gypsy was willing to talk, and both of them wished to find him. But their father said they must not bother him just then.

"Think over what I have told you, and when you come home from school let me know whether you are quite willing that Gypsy should have our consent to his setting out in search of his old master."

"But, father—" Chris began. But, their father, shaking his head and laughing, left them, show-

PLANS FOR A JOURNEY

ing by his manner that he did not care to say anything further on the subject.

Chris and Helen talked about the dog all that day at recess; though, to tell the truth, there was nothing to settle, since both of them were willing that Gypsy should go. They were sorry to lose him; but they felt they really had no right to keep him, and, besides, they hoped he would find his old master.

“Would n’t it be fine,” said Helen, “if Gypsy could go across the ocean and bring the poor Frenchman back with him?”

“Yes,” Chris answered, “it would be fine for him; but I don’t see exactly where we come in. Do you suppose father would let me go with him?”

“Of course not,” said Helen scornfully. “You are only a boy. What could you do to help him? He does n’t need a ticket to go anywhere; he can run nearly as fast as a horse; he can pick up a living almost anywhere, and he can make friends with people everywhere he

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

goes. If he had you along, you 'd have to pay your way; you 'd have to carry baggage. People would think it queer for a boy to be traveling alone; and there are a dozen good reasons why Gypsy would do better by himself. Don't you think so?"

Chris did n't reply for a little while. He was thinking it over. He could not deny that Helen's reasons were all good, and he knew his father would n't let him go. Yet he hated to give up the chance. So he tried to think up some good objection to Gypsy's going alone. At length he asked:

"But how is he going to get across the ocean?"

While Helen was thinking what reply to make the dog himself came into the room.

"Here he is," said Helen. "I am going to ask him for myself."

At this Gypsy pricked up his ears, sat up on his haunches, and remained in the attitude of "attention."

"See," said Helen, laughing. "He's all ready



Gypsy—4.

“JOE WAS SUDDENLY STARTLED BY A BARKING CLOSE AT HIS
HEELS.”

See p. 97.

PLANS FOR A JOURNEY

now. I believe he will answer me if I talk to him. Tell me, Gypsy," she went on, turning to the dog, "do you mean to go to Europe to look after your old master?"

"Yes," said Gypsy.

"There!" cried Helen joyfully. "I knew he'd speak to me! Oh, Gypsy, do talk a little with us! There's nobody else about, and we do wish to know your plans."

"Well," Gypsy answered, "it comes hard for me to talk, because I'm not very used to it, and I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what?" Chris asked.

"Afraid you'll laugh at me."

"Oh, we won't, truly!" Helen exclaimed. "We should be glad to have you stay with us, but we think you ought to help your master if he is in trouble. But can't we write to him for you?"

"I don't see how you can. I don't know how to tell you where he lives. I can go there, but I can't tell you the names of the streets."

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

"I see," said Chris. "But how can you get across the ocean?"

"In the boat," said Gypsy.

"Yes, but maybe they won't let you on the boat," Chris objected.

"I'll just go on board when they put out the plank."

"Do you know where to take the steamer?" Helen asked.

"I think so. And anyway, Galopoff can tell me."

"Is n't he the pony that is owned by the Russian who lives in the big house over there?" Chris asked.

"He is the pony," Gypsy answered; "and he can tell me."

"How?" asked Chris. "Can he talk, too? Can all animals talk?"

Gypsy did n't know what to answer. He did n't know whether Galopoff wished everyone to know that he talked. So he answered:

"Some of us can talk to each other. I can

PLANS FOR A JOURNEY

understand him pretty well; and he is a wise little horse."

"Very well, then," said Chris. "I think—and Helen thinks, too—that you 'd better go. So you 'd better pack up your things—"

"I have nothing to pack," said Gypsy. "We find what we need, everywhere. Now, I think I will start in the morning early before you are up. It is cooler for traveling then. So I will say good-bye."

Gypsy held out his paw, first to Chris and then to Helen, and they gravely shook it.

"Where are you going now?" Helen asked, as Gypsy dropped down on all fours.

"I think I 'll trot over to see the pony, and get a few directions for the journey. Don't mind my going. I will come back here some day. Good-bye."

Then Gypsy trotted out of the room.

CHAPTER IX

OUT INTO THE BIG WORLD

GYPSY had not meant to start quite so early in the afternoon; but as he trotted from the room he wondered why he should not go. He was all ready; every one was willing, and the sooner the better, he thought. If he had meant never to come back, he might have felt depressed on leaving a home where he had been so well treated. But he intended to see the place again, and it was a bright, sunny day; and so he suddenly determined to begin his journey at once.

There was but one thing remaining. He wished to have a little talk with Galopoff before starting out for himself. So away he went along the road leading to the grounds where Galopoff's

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

stable was. He had no adventures on the way except a meeting with a big dog, who rushed out from a house he was passing. Gypsy tried at first to get by unseen; but the big dog could run faster than he, and forced him to stop for a few words.

"Where are you going?" growled the big dog.

"Going to call on a friend," Gypsy answered politely, trying to resume his progress.

"Here, here; hold on!" growled the other, "or do you want me to nip you?"

"I 'm in a hurry," Gypsy said.

"Never mind. Your hurry will keep," the big dog said, threateningly. "Who's your friend?"

"My friend is the Russian pony," Gypsy replied, seeing no reason for making a mystery of it.

"Oh," said the big dog more respectfully; for he had once tried to scare Galopoff by barking as the pony was passing, and had then received

OUT INTO THE BIG WORLD

a lesson from one of Galopoff's flying little hoofs, a quick tap upon the nose, that the dog did not forget soon. "Well, you can give him my regards. He'll remember me. My name is Bruno. So, run along, small pup, but be more respectful to big dogs in future."

Gypsy hurried on, glad to get away from the silly fellow, and met no other living thing until he found Galopoff. Galopoff was not in his stable; but Gypsy followed his tracks, and found the pony in a little meadow not far away from the house. Galopoff was wearing a very pretty blanket, and seemed quite pleased when, after their greeting, Gypsy told him it was very becoming.

"Yes," said Galopoff, twisting his neck around so as to have a good view of the embroidery. "I think it looks well on me. But, then, most things do—especially stylish things. The most becoming thing to me, though, is the high yoke that I wore when I was at home in Russia. That was really exquisite. I like silver

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

sleigh-bells, too. Still, I don't suppose you came here to talk about fashions. What's the news? When do you mean to make a start?"

"I have made a start," said Gypsy. "I'm on my way now."

"Where are you going?"

"I think I will go to Paris."

"Across the ocean?"

"You have to, to get to Paris," said the little dog, quite simply.

Galopoff gazed at him a moment in silence. But he saw that Gypsy was not making fun of him, simply stating the truth. So Galopoff went on:

"And did you come to say good-bye?"

"Yes," Gypsy answered, "and also to see whether you could give me any good advice about my journey."

This pleased Galopoff. He dearly loved to give advice, and so he pawed the ground thoughtfully, and tried to think of the most useful things to say. He was silent for a few minutes,

OUT INTO THE BIG WORLD

and meanwhile Gypsy sat waiting patiently until Galopoff should choose to speak. At length the pony said :

“I think, Gypsy, that the wisest rule for you to follow is to make friends with the men who can help you along. We animals are very clever in our own way, and people think I am especially so. But, compared to men, we know almost nothing. Now, that is the truth. If you try to get along by yourself, you may get into the pound, or be caught by the dog-catchers, or shot, or—I don’t know what. But you can make friends easily. A pleasant look, a wag of the tail, and people will see you are a pleasant sort of dog—”

“Thank you,” said Gypsy.

“And they will help you along,” Galopoff ended. “How did you expect to make a start?”

“By going to the big city,” Gypsy said. “I meant to take a big ship to cross the ocean.”

“And did you mean to get to the city on foot?”

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

"Of course," said Gypsy.

"Now, that is foolish," Galopoff said. "A wise dog can go anywhere. You don't use your brains."

"What shall I do, then?" Gypsy asked.

"Here," said Galopoff, trotting toward a stump in the field, "jump up on this stump, and then hop on to my back, and I'll take you over to the railroad, and on the way I'll tell you how to get a ride."

Gypsy did as he was told, and in a few moments he stood firmly on Galopoff's back. Then the pony trotted away toward the gate in the fence. Coming to the gate, Galopoff opened the latch with his mouth, trotted out into the road, and then, in a long, easy canter, away they went down the road to the station.

Suddenly Galopoff halted.

"Wait," said he. "I forgot something. Get down for a moment."

Gypsy made a flying leap from the pony's back and alighted in the road. Then, to his

OUT INTO THE BIG WORLD

great surprise, Galopoff reached around, caught hold of the end of the ribbon that bound the edge of his fancy blanket and tore off quite a long strip.

"Now, come here," said the pony.

Gypsy, completely puzzled, came nearer, and then Galopoff put the bit of ribbon around the dog's neck, and even made a simple knot in it, after making many failures.

"There," said Galopoff, with great satisfaction; "now everybody will think you are the pet of some nice little girl."

"But what good will that do?" asked the puzzled dog. "I can't see any use in that."

"It will be of the greatest use," Galopoff answered. "In the first place, people will know that you will not bite, and that's very important. Besides, people do not like stray dogs, and the ribbon makes you look as if you had a home."

"I'm afraid it will come untied," said Gypsy.

"It will stay for a while," the pony answered; "and the first woman or little girl you meet will

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

be sure to tie it in a bow-knot for you. They can't help it. It is one of their instincts."

Gypsy didn't like the ribbon; but he thought it best to say no more on the subject. So he quietly hopped up to his place on Galopoff's back—the pony stooping down for the purpose; and, when they were once more under way, Gypsy asked:

"How shall I get a ride on the train?"

"Very simply," Galopoff answered. "You know a baggage-car when you see it?"

Gypsy said he did.

"Then as soon as the train stops you must jump into the baggage-car. It is a high jump; but you have been trained in leaping, and you can do it, I'm sure."

Gypsy said he thought he could.

"After you are in the car you must sit up when the brass-buttons man comes and *beg*. If you sit still and keep begging, and he happens to be good-natured, he will laugh and let you ride."

OUT INTO THE BIG WORLD

"Do you think he will?" Gypsy asked.

"I know he will," said Galopoff.

"I don't see," said the little dog, "how you know so much, Galopoff."

"Oh, I just keep my eyes and ears going," Galopoff answered, delighted to be praised, "and when I learn things I remember them. But here is the station, just over the hill. It won't do for people to see you on my back, or they'll think it queer. So down with you, say good-bye, wag your tail for good luck, and away you go!"

They heard the whistle of the train, and Gypsy scrambled down. He said good-bye in a hurry, and wagged his tail as he ran for the station. Galopoff stood near the roadside, and snorted a cheery farewell.

The train came to a standstill with a queer hissing of the brakes and a great crunching of the brake-shoes. Gypsy, with one last look at Galopoff, took a good running start down the

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

road, around the station-building, and jumped into the open door of the baggage-car.

There was no one in that part of the car when Gypsy entered, and he crouched in a corner ready to carry out Galopoff's advice as soon as he should see the "brass-buttons" man. The car was what is called a combination-car; that is, the rear part was fitted up to carry light freight, while the rest of it had regular seats for passengers. Gypsy kept quiet, and pretty soon the car started. For ten or fifteen minutes more no one came in, and then suddenly the door opened, and the conductor entered. He glanced sharply about, and soon saw the little dog in one corner.

"Hello," he exclaimed, good-naturedly; "where's your ticket?"

Gypsy remembered Galopoff's directions, and at once sat up on his haunches as he had been taught. This made the conductor laugh, and he looked at the solemn little dog with a kindly smile.

OUT INTO THE BIG WORLD

"You seem to be a pleasant passenger," he said. "I guess I won't ask for your ticket. You can make yourself comfortable. Wait; I'll give you something to lie on."

The conductor went to a closet in the corner of the car, opened it, drew out an old piece of sacking and spread it out so as to make a comfortable bed.

"There," said he, "now you're as snug as a bug in a rug!"

Gypsy wagged his tail gratefully, looked up at the conductor, and gave a deep little bark of contentment. The man was pleased, patted him on the head, and then left the car.

Knowing that he had a long journey after leaving the train, Gypsy settled himself for a comfortable nap; and in a few minutes was dozing and dreaming, more at his ease than the people in the parlor-car ahead. He dreamed of being back in Paris with his old master, and of going through his tricks in the streets to earn the pennies that brought daily bread for both.

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

Gypsy must have been tired; for he slept soundly until the train came to a stop in the big New York City station, and he awoke only when the men began to tumble freight about.

Then he got up from his bed of sacking, stretched himself, sneezed once or twice, shook the dust out of his coat, and, going to the door of the car, looked out into the station. People were walking along toward the waiting-rooms, and Gypsy, jumping down, followed them.

Again he discovered that Galopoff was a very clever pony; for pretty soon he noticed that a little girl was patting his head. He stopped at once, and again sat up.

"Why, what a nice little dog!" exclaimed the girl, bending over him; and then, noticing his ribbon was loose, she took hold of the ends, untied them, smoothed them out, and immediately retied them in a very neat little double bow-knot.

"There," she said, flattening it into a regular

OUT INTO THE BIG WORLD

butterfly-shape; "now run along, doggie, or you 'll lose your master."

Gypsy again set his tail to wagging and his feet to trotting, and soon found himself in front of the big station, where there was a row of cabmen making all the noise they could. One of these stamped and clapped his hands as the dog passed; and Gypsy, shying to one side, set off at a run across the street. When at a safe distance, he slowed his pace, for he suddenly remembered that he did n't know exactly where to go.

The next thing he had to find out was where to take the steamer for Europe. By this time it was late in the afternoon, and Gypsy began to be hungry. So he now had two problems before him: first to find a supper, and next to learn where to take the big boat to carry him over the sea. Of course, the supper question was to come first, and it seemed a puzzler. Many little dogs would have known no way of getting a meal; but Gypsy had not run about the streets

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

of Paris without sharpening his wits. He did not yet know much about fun or joking—his life had been too hard for that—but he had much practical good sense, and could pick up a living where a lapdog would have starved.

So now he picked out the busiest street he could find, and went trotting slowly but steadily along, keeping a bright lookout for a butcher's shop. He had gone only a few blocks when he saw a stout, red-faced man in a white apron, standing at an open doorway. Then Gypsy knew that he might hope for a bone at least. He trotted bravely up to the man and stood quietly wagging his tail slowly. The butcher looked down at him, and then turned away. Gypsy waited. Soon the butcher came back with a bone that made the dog's mouth water.

"Catch!" said the butcher, tossing it in the air.

Gypsy jumped and caught the bone, and then slowly trotted to the curb to eat it. This pleased the butcher, and he said:

OUT INTO THE BIG WORLD

“You ’ve good manners, I see.”

Gypsy ate the bone, and then trotted away, waving a few grateful wags to the kindly butcher as he went. Thus the first of his little problems was pleasantly over; the second seemed harder. Yet, now that he was fed, Gypsy had more courage, and set his mind busily to work trying to find where to look for the big ships.

When he had come across the ocean with the Gypsy-folk he had landed in New York, and he remembered how the docks and piers looked. Where they were he did not know, but he thought he could find out if he kept his eyes and ears open, as Galopoff had advised. He began to try to remember all he could about the vessel and the people on board. Gradually it became clear to him that there were two kinds of people on the ship—the travelers and the men who sailed the vessel. Then he remembered how the sailors looked, how they were dressed, and how queerly they walked.

“I ’ll keep a sharp lookout,” said Gypsy to

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

himself, "on all the people that pass, and maybe I'll see a sailor. If I do, I will just follow him till I find a ship."

He was so delighted with this idea that he began to skip, and to run faster, hardly noticing where he was going. In this way he got into trouble. While he had been going quietly along nobody noticed him; but when he hurried he attracted attention. Soon a newsboy saw him, and at once gave chase.

Gypsy was frightened. He knew that the boy would be sure to try and keep him for a pet or a plaything, and Gypsy had no time to spend in that way. As the boy came near Gypsy began to growl, and at once took to his heels in earnest.

It was a hard chase. The boy ran well, and Gypsy had to dodge to avoid being caught. Besides, other boys joined in, and before many minutes there were three after him. Gypsy's heart began to beat fast and his breath came short. He saw that the boys would not give

OUT INTO THE BIG WORLD

up the chase unless they should be scared or outrun. Gypsy made up his mind to try scaring them. So he suddenly turned, and, with a growl that sounded very savage, he bared his teeth and ran straight at one of the boys. At once the boy stopped, and jumped aside to avoid the charge, and cried out to the others :

“Look out, boys, he ’ll bite you !”

The other boys stopped running, and then, before they could recover themselves, Gypsy dashed to one side, put on all the speed he could, turned down a side-street, and away he went.

He was not at ease until he had gone around two corners, and then, seeing he was not followed, he slowed down again.

“That teaches me something,” said he. “If I go quietly people won’t notice me ; but if I jump about somebody is sure to get after me.”

CHAPTER X

THE SAILOR AND THE SHIP

ALL the rest of that evening Gypsy wandered about the city without bringing himself any nearer to finding out how to begin his voyage across the ocean. He met many city dogs; but while a few barked or growled at him, most of them he found too busy to pay any attention to him. He exchanged greetings with one or two, and growls with one or two more, and that was all. Presently dusk came, and Gypsy saw that he must be thinking of lodgings for the night.

Now, this was something he knew little about. He had always gone to his master's home, and so had no experience in securing other quarters

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

for the night. He tried to make friends with one stray dog, and to ask questions. But the dog laughed at him.

“You ’re no tramp dog,” he told Gypsy, “or you would n’t be wearing a silk necktie!”

So the bow that had helped him was, in this case, worse than useless, and Gypsy was forced to rely on his own wits. Once he thought himself in luck; for, coming to a deserted alley, he saw it filled with old boxes and barrels, in one of which he felt he might sleep dry and warm for the night. Gypsy turned joyfully into the alley, and began to poke about to select the box that was most comfortable.

While he was nosing here and there, suddenly he heard a fierce growling, and a big bulldog came at him with a whole broadside of white teeth, saying in a terrifying tone:

“Get out of this, or I ’ll shake every tooth out of your jaw!”

Gypsy was no coward; but he saw no use in fighting, and so he turned and retreated. But

THE SAILOR AND THE SHIP

he did n't hurry himself. He simply went somewhere else.

His next venture was luckier. He came upon an old iron pipe lying in a vacant lot. One end of the pipe was against the corner of the fence, and Gypsy backed into it, and went to sleep, knowing he could defend himself against anything small enough to crawl into his lodging.

He woke rather late next morning, and at once betook himself to the search for somebody that looked like the sailors he had seen on board the steamer. But first Gypsy was clever enough to find his way back to the butcher-shop, where, though the butcher was busy, he was fed and treated kindly. Then Gypsy wandered out into the city streets again, gradually going further downtown, because, since it was early morning, most of the men seemed to be going that way.

It was nearly noon, and Gypsy had wandered down toward the Brooklyn ferries, when he saw a sailor. The man was dressed in dark blue trousers, a rough flannel shirt, and a queer

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

round cap; but Gypsy would not have known he was a sailor except for his rolling gait. The man walked as if the sidewalk was tipped to and fro under him.

“Aha!” said the dog to himself, “there’s a sailor at last! Now, I’ll just keep him in sight until he goes to some ship. *Then* I’ll know what to do.”

It was not difficult to keep near the man; for he walked slowly, continually looking about him. Gypsy decided that he must be a stranger in the city, and most likely a foreigner; for the sailor seemed to be interested by everything he saw. He gazed into shop-windows, stopped at the corners, looked up at the tallest buildings, and spoke to no one. Of course, Gypsy could n’t tell whether he had just come ashore or how soon he would return to his ship; but the dog could think of nothing better to do than to follow and take chances. There were other sailors met now and then, and there seemed no reason why Gypsy did not follow one of them except that

THE SAILOR AND THE SHIP

the first sailor he had seen somehow pleased him better than the others. At last all question of leaving his first choice was put aside; for the sailor, happening to run into an old clerk who came hurrying out of a doorway said, removing his hat:

“Pardonnez-moi, m’sieu!”

So Gypsy knew that he had by chance chosen a French sailor, and he decided to follow this one to the end, if there seemed any hope of his going aboard a ship. And follow him he did until noon, when the sailor entered a restaurant in a street bordered on one side by houses, and on the other by docks and ships. Gypsy was delighted when he came to this street, and began to believe he should find a way of crossing the ocean to Europe; and he was so afraid of losing sight of his guide that he sat down near the door of the eating-house to wait until the sailor should come out. There was much loud talking and laughing inside, and Gypsy soon learned from what he overheard that some of the other

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

men were making fun of the French sailor's broken English. At first the talk was good-natured; but as it went on it became ill-humored, and at last ended in a quarrel. There was some scuffling, and then the French sailor came flying out with one of the others running after him. Both were going at the top of their speed; but the Frenchman was the lighter-footed, and soon gained so far on the pursuer that the other gave up the chase and returned to the eating-house.

As the Frenchman had dashed out he had dropped his hat. There was no time to turn back for it, and the man ran on bareheaded. Gypsy, seeing a chance to do the man a kindness, picked up the hat, and tore away after the French sailor. Gypsy did not have far to go; for the sailor soon stopped his wild flight, and fell into a walk. Gypsy trotted along behind, carrying his hat in his mouth.

When the sailor at last noticed the little dog following, he was delighted to recover his hat,

THE SAILOR AND THE SHIP

praised Gypsy, patted him, and talked French in a way that warmed the dog's heart toward him, especially as the sailor was a handsome, black-eyed young fellow with a smiling mouth and kindly voice. The two made friends at once, and the sailor walked on with Gypsy following close at his heel.

"You 'd make a good sailor's dog," the sailor said in French, and Gypsy barked and jumped about. "Very well, then," the sailor went on. "Come aboard with me. We sail this afternoon, and, if the old man does n't say no, you shall sniff salt air."

Of course, Gypsy was delighted, and followed more willingly than ever, feeling that he was born to good luck. The two turned in at a doorway on the water-side of the street, and the sailor, picking Gypsy up in his arms, carried him into a queer room where there was a great crowd of people. It was a ferry; but Gypsy did n't know that, and the dog was very much

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

surprised when they went on the ferryboat and put off from shore.

Gypsy enjoyed the trip across the river, but thought it the shortest voyage he had ever known. Reaching the other side, the sailor set him down again, and then, after a not very long walk, they found themselves on a long wooden pier beside a real ocean-going vessel, but one much smaller than that on which Gypsy had crossed the ocean. The sailor again lifted Gypsy, and, climbing up a steep plank, took him aboard the steamer.

“What you got there, Jack?” asked another sailor, who was mending his jacket, sitting cross-legged on the deck.

“A little friend I made in New York. I got into a sort of scrap with some persons in a place, and when they called me frog-eater I pulled the nose of one. Then I ran, and my cap it fell off, and this little fellow ran behind at my feet and brought me my cap with much kindness. Then I asked: ‘Will you become a

THE SAILOR AND THE SHIP

sailor's dog?' and he did wag his tail, and so—I adopted him."

"Cap'n won't have it," said the other sailor.

"That is to be known," said the French sailor.

"I can but ask. Come," he said to Gypsy, and took him forward into the forecastle.

Gypsy was so pleased to be really on a steamer again that he found even the sailors' dark, crowded quarters very delightful. "At all events," thought Gypsy, "this is better than sleeping in a pipe on a vacant lot."

The captain came aboard that afternoon, and Gypsy was soon wakened out of a nap to be taken up on deck and exhibited. The captain seemed gruff, but not ill-natured. He looked at Gypsy, and snapped his fingers. Gypsy sat up, and kept still. Then the captain took a lump of sugar out of his pocket and tossed it toward the dog. Gypsy had been well taught in tricks, and he caught the sugar very cleverly. The captain laughed, and held out his hand. Gypsy gave him a paw.

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

"He looks smart," said the captain, "and he obeys well. He can do no harm, and he may catch a rat or two; so you may keep him, Jack."

"Thank you, sir," said the sailor.

"But," the captain went on, "take off that ribbon. You can make him a sailor collar out of some stuff, but I won't have ladies' lapdogs on my ship."

"Yes, sir," said Jack, untying the ribbon and throwing it over the side. "Come below," he said to Gypsy, "and I'll make you a collar more in shipshape style."

And Gypsy went forward, thankful that he was to begin his voyage, and thinking that even Galopoff would hardly have managed better.

CHAPTER XI

GYPSY'S VOYAGE

FOR a day or two the ship remained at the pier loading. All day long men were rolling and carrying and hauling things up the gang-plank, and stowing them away in the great dark hold of the vessel. The sailors, too, were working hard, and did not have any time to give to the dog. As for Gypsy himself, he was so well pleased with his good luck in getting aboard a steamer that was to sail so soon that he devoted himself only to resting and keeping out of the way. Besides, he was tired by his long tramp about the city, after he had passed his time so quietly in Chris and Helen's house, and now he was glad to keep quiet once more.

9—Gypsy.

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

At first he found himself a good deal in the way. No sooner did he pick out a nice place for a nap than someone would come and roust him out of it. He was too much of a landlubber to know which parts of the deck were likely to be undisturbed, and it was not until late in the second day that he found out that by going far forward into the bow he would be where nobody came.

Jack, the French sailor, was very kind to Gypsy when he had time, and took care that the little dog had two good meals every day, and that there was a tin of fresh water within his reach. But, except for a kind word in passing and a pat on the head now and then, he was too busy to pay any attention to Gypsy.

On the third day the cargo was all in, and at last the ropes were cast off, a sturdy little tug was attached, and the steamer was hauled out into the river and towed out to the harbor.

Gypsy was still kept busy avoiding the trampling feet and tumbling packages, and had

GYPSY'S VOYAGE

no time to notice anything. He knew that they had begun the voyage, and that was all he cared about just then. And when they finally were in blue water, and the waves began to toss the vessel about, Gypsy found out what Jack had meant by several joking remarks about "getting his sea-legs on." He could not at first keep his footing, and once or twice went rolling over the deck until he came whack against the bulwarks. Besides, Gypsy did not feel at all well. He did not enjoy his meals, and, in fact, ceased to eat anything for the first day or two at sea.

He was seasick, and so miserable that he began to wonder if he had n't made a mistake in trying to cross the ocean. The voyage from Europe in the big passenger steamer had not made him sick at all; but this little boat bobbed about in a manner very different from the long, slow roll of the enormous ocean racer.

Gypsy was cured of his sea-sickness in a curious way. One of the sailors—the same one that

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

had been mending his clothes when Gypsy came aboard—was a mischievous fellow, and, like other lovers of mischief, thoughtless of the suffering his jokes caused. Seeing Gypsy moving mournfully about the deck, he said:

“This will never make you a sailor, pup. Do you know how we make sailors out of green hands? We send 'em aloft. That 's the best cure for seasickness.”

Then, seeing that Sailor Jack was not on deck, he caught Gypsy up and jumped into the rigging. Even if the dog had known what the sailor was going to do with him, he could not have run away; and, indeed, Gypsy did not much care just then. Up and up climbed the sailor, holding Gypsy tight with one arm and climbing with the other. Higher and higher he went until he came at last to the very top of the mast, where there is a flat, round place called the truck. Then, reaching up, the sailor put the dog there and slid down, leaving the poor little landlubber to crouch down and hold on as well as he could.

GYPSY'S VOYAGE

Scared? Gypsy was scared out of his sea-sickness. He crouched tight down, and, getting his paws over the edges, held on for his life.

Meanwhile Jack had come on deck just in time to see the other sailor coming down, and, looking up, he spied Gypsy clinging to the truck. Jack thought the little dog could hold on for a few minutes, at least, and, slipping quietly below, he waited quietly with a rope's-end until the mischievous sailor came within reach, and then began to dust his jacket for him. Jack gave the scamp a good thrashing, and then, dropping the rope, climbed the mast and took Gypsy safely down.

The other sailor was angry; but the rest of the crew told him he deserved all he got, and so nothing more came of the squabble, except that Gypsy found his sea-sickness was entirely cured, and from that day began to enjoy his life at sea. The weather was fine, the winds and waves quiet, and the steamer ploughed her way day after day without much to remember or to tell.

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

Gypsy and Jack became excellent friends and good companions. When Jack was on deck during a night-watch Gypsy would stay beside him or walk with him. When they were below Jack tried, after the manner of sailors, to teach his pet some tricks. Of course, Gypsy knew all the common tricks; but he thought it wiser to let Jack have the pleasure of teaching them over again, and in that way, too, Gypsy had many a reward for his cleverness in learning tricks he had already learned long ago.

There was one thing Gypsy did n't like at all. They sometimes put him into the hold to kill rats, and these fellows were so big and so fierce that it was no easy matter to deal with them. But Gypsy felt it was only right he should do some work in return for his passage and support, and did his part so well that the captain praised him, and told Jack that Gypsy was paying his way. Gypsy found out, too, that the fighting and hard work did him good, giving

GYPSY'S VOYAGE

him plenty of exercise, and improving his courage.

Altogether, the voyage was making Gypsy over. He was bigger, stronger, braver and more cheerful. He became a little more used to fun and good-humored joking. The men had no other pet aboard, and so played many tricks on the dog—tricks that he took good-naturedly.

Of course, no one ever suspected that Gypsy could talk, and he was glad of that. He was afraid that the sailors would never let him go if they knew all he could do, and if they found out he could understand what they said.

So they sailed on, and the days passed by, until Gypsy began to find the voyage much longer than he had expected. He did n't know or did n't remember just how long he had been at sea coming to America; but he felt sure, as time went on, that this voyage was much longer than that had been. Exactly how many days they had been at sea Gypsy could not tell, when

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

one day he heard the cry, "Land, ho!" and was overjoyed to think that his long voyage was over.

But, unfortunately, Gypsy had made himself too well liked. The sailors were afraid they might lose him; and before they came near their harbor Jack took Gypsy down below, and shut him up in a kind of prison made of wooden bars. Jack came to see him every day, and still looked after his comfort; but Gypsy was not let out. One day he whined and begged and made such a fuss that Jack felt sorry for him.

"Never mind, old fellow," said he, soothingly. "You don't want to get lost here in South America. You wait until we get to Madagascar, and then you'll have a run ashore like the rest of us."

You may be sure this gave Gypsy something to think about. He did n't know much geography, it is true; but he understood that South America was part of America, and not in



Gypsy—5

"GYPSY CROUCHED TIGHT DOWN, AND HELD ON FOR HIS LIFE."

See p. 141.

GYPSY'S VOYAGE

Europe; while as for Madagascar, it was a place of which he had never heard. Gradually he began to see that he had been very stupid just when he had thought he was cleverest. He had thought a French sailor must be going to France, and had never done anything to find out where the steamer was bound. Now he was sure that they were going to some part of the world that was far away from where he had left his master, and what to do about it he did n't know. You may be sure that Gypsy did not have many happy hours in his prison; and even when the vessel was once more at sea and Gypsy was let out of his prison, he was in a doleful state of mind.

CHAPTER XII

IN A STRANGE LAND

GYPSY was on board what is called a tramp steamer. That is, a steamer without a regular route. These vessels go wherever they can make money by delivering their cargoes. The one on which Gypsy had made his voyage was loaded with cotton-goods, crockery and many sorts of provisions in tins. Her owners expected to bring back in return India rubber, hides and other products of the great island. The steamer had stopped at several South American ports on her way, but of these, as has already been told, Gypsy saw nothing, being shut up in the hold for safe-keeping.

The little dog had understood from Jack that

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

when they arrived at Madagascar he would be allowed to go ashore, and he longed for a chance to leave the ship. They had sailed south continually, and the weather was very hot ; but the crew bore it all patiently because there had been no storms and nothing to cause them anxiety or hard work. After they had rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and were sailing northward, the crew felt certain of a lucky voyage. Everybody on board was good-natured, and only Gypsy seemed ever unhappy. He did his best, however, to bear his part in amusing the crew, and often went through his tricks for their pleasure when he would rather have been grumbling and growling in some corner by himself.

One night, when Jack was on the lookout forward, with Gypsy beside him, the sailor was too tired to keep awake, and before he realized how drowsy he was becoming his eyes closed, his head drooped, and he was fast asleep. It may be that Gypsy himself was not entirely wide-awake, but he was really excusable, for he was

IN A STRANGE LAND

not on duty. At all events, suddenly Gypsy was wakened by the puffing of a steamer, and jumped to his feet to see a red light on the port-bow, a light so near that Gypsy thought the two steamers would run each other down. There was no time to wake Jack. Gypsy had to act, and he called out as loud as he could: "Red light on port bow!" and then caught Jack's arm and shook him.

The steersman heard the cry, and steered to starboard. The two steamers passed one another altogether too near for comfort—but the danger was over. Jack woke as the other steamer passed, but he never knew who had given the warning. He did know that Gypsy had tried to wake him, and he was fonder of his pet than ever.

This was the last adventure before the arrival in port at Tamatave, the chief port of the great island of Madagascar.

It was a happy little dog that trotted along up the sandy shore at Jack's heels on the day they

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

first had liberty. The city where they had landed was situated upon hilly ground surrounding a great stretch of sandy shore. Most of the houses were low, but a few were of several stories, and had high towers at the corners. Most of the people were dressed in white and went barefoot, but a few wore European dress. The natives seemed to be of many races, but the two principal ones were an olive-colored, tall and fine-looking people, and a shorter, darker race of negroes with kinky, black hair.

Gypsy was wise enough to keep close to sailor Jack. He had no wish to be lost in a strange land, where, for all Gypsy knew, small dogs were favorite articles of diet. Jack had never been in the town before, and wandered aimlessly about seeing the sights, and looking for a place where he might get a good meal—the first thing a sailor likes on getting ashore in a strange place. So they went through the streets gazing at the queer people and the odd sights, until Jack caught sight of a sign reading: “Café

IN A STRANGE LAND

Français.” It was oppressively hot, and the sailor was glad to get into a shady place where he could have a cool drink, and Gypsy gladly followed him.

They found themselves in a small, neat room, containing two or three wooden tables and chairs, and a few pictures of French generals. Jack dropped into a chair, and Gypsy coiled up under it and fell fast asleep, just as he heard Jack call a waiter and give his orders.

When Gypsy awoke it was pitch-dark and perfectly still. He rose from the floor and bumped his head against a rung of the chair. Then he crawled out, and moved cautiously about.

“Now,” said Gypsy to himself, “I know just what has happened. That new master of mine has been drinking too much, like other sailors when they go ashore”—Gypsy had learned a great deal of sailor-life from the talks he had heard in the fore-castle—“and then he has just gone away, forgetting me altogether.”

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

It made cold chills run up and down Gypsy's back to find himself alone in this strange house, in a strange land, and in the black darkness. But he was braver than he used to be, and began at once to plan how he could get out of the scrape.

Evidently the first thing was to see where the door was. So Gypsy kept straight ahead, except for a table-leg or two, and soon came to the wall. Then he kept close to the wall, and began a slow circuit of the room, knowing that in this way he was sure to find the door. About half-way round he came to the door, but found it closed tight.

"Now," said Gypsy, who had expected this, "the next thing is to find a window, and that is more of a puzzle."

So he sat down, and wondered how he should reach up high enough to be on a level with the windows.

"If there was only a row of chairs all the way around," he began; and then he thought

IN A STRANGE LAND

that one chair would do if only he pushed it around a little at a time.

The chairs were light, and Gypsy, by standing on his hind-legs, found he could easily move one of them. He pushed it to the wall, and standing up on it felt with his nose each way as far as he could reach. Then he pushed it a little farther, felt again, and so on. It was slow work, but sure, he told himself.

After going about six feet the chair hit against a table. Gypsy groaned; for he thought it would be a hard job to push the chair all around the table. Then he remembered suddenly that the table might be set against the window, and at once leaped to the top, and felt about. To his joy he discovered a window, and with very little trouble lifted the latch, and threw the casement open.

He was just about to jump out, when he drew back quickly, reflecting that he did n't know where his "leap in the dark" would end! Again he sat down to solve this new puzzle, and

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

in a moment had a happy thought. On the table there were a few dishes. Gypsy picked out the smallest and lightest—a butter-plate—and dropped it out of the window. It fell only a short distance, as he could tell from the sound, and apparently upon soft ground.

“A dog must take some chances!” said Gypsy, and leaped out.

He came down on a garden-bed among some flowers, unhurt and free.

Now that he was outside, Gypsy could see better, though the sky was very cloudy. He was in a little garden surrounded by a sort of open-work fence, but so loosely put together that he had no trouble in squeezing himself through and into the street.

Of course, he did n't know which way to go; but he did not have long to decide; for, as he stood hesitating, there came a sudden rush, and a big dog—a watchdog—came over the fence with a fierce growl and a gritting of teeth. Gypsy did not stop to consider which was North,

IN A STRANGE LAND

South, East or West. He did n't care much about which way he went; but he wished to go, and to go quickly. Away he went, doubled up like a bow, and then stretched out like a string, while right at his heels came the watchdog. Gypsy was just about to be overtaken when he saw at the side of the road a big packing-box. He gave a leap into the air, thinking that he might make a fortress of it, and keep the big dog away for a few moments, at least.

But the box proved to be not only a fortress but also a prison. There was a loose board on top of the box, fastened only at one end by some loose nails; and as Gypsy came down on the board it fell inward, letting him slide into the box, and then sprung upward, making him a prisoner.

Meanwhile the big dog had not the slightest idea what had become of the little one. He had been just able to see him, and saw the leap toward the box, but could not see where Gypsy went afterward. He ran to the other side, then

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

back again, sniffed about for a few minutes, and then gave up the chase, running back to the yard from which he had come, leaving poor Gypsy in his wooden prison.

CHAPTER XIII

WHAT GYPSY FOUND

SO long as the big watchdog was waiting outside, Gypsy had no wish to leave the box. But when the big dog was gone, and all was quiet, Gypsy began to consider how he was to escape and get back to the ship. Try as he could, Gypsy was unable to climb up the smooth sides of the box; the loose board was too high for him to reach it, and there seemed nothing to do but to gnaw his way out. So he tried to make some impression on the boards. But it was useless, since they were too smooth inside to give him any hold, and he could do no more than scratch a few tiny splinters from the sides. Having kept at this work until his short nose was sore, Gypsy

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

gave up the attempt, and, like a sensible little fellow, coiled himself up and resolved to wait patiently whatever might come. He was so very patient that he soon became drowsy, and then began to snore. In spite of his sleep that evening, Gypsy was soon lost in the land of dreams—dreaming of the country home of his puppydom and of his street-wanderings in Paris.

It was broad daylight when he awoke; and, as he did not quite come to his senses at first, he believed drowsily that he was again on ship-board; for the box was swaying gently to and fro and up and down. As Gypsy came broad awake he remembered all that had happened, and knew that the box was being carried somewhere, with a small dog inside. He very softly raised himself from the bottom of the box, and found a crack between the boards through which he could look out.

Gypsy could not see much; but the little he saw was enough to make it plain to him that the box was being carried on the shoulders of a

WHAT GYPSY FOUND

tall, dark native, who was climbing a mountain-trail. Where he was going, and how long he had been traveling already, Gypsy had not the faintest idea. He believed that he must have waked soon after the journey began; but he did not know.

Not being acquainted with the native who was carrying him, Gypsy, of course, decided to keep quiet for the present, until he could get some idea whether he would be petted or would be made into dog-stew. But naturally it was not the happiest day of Gypsy's life.

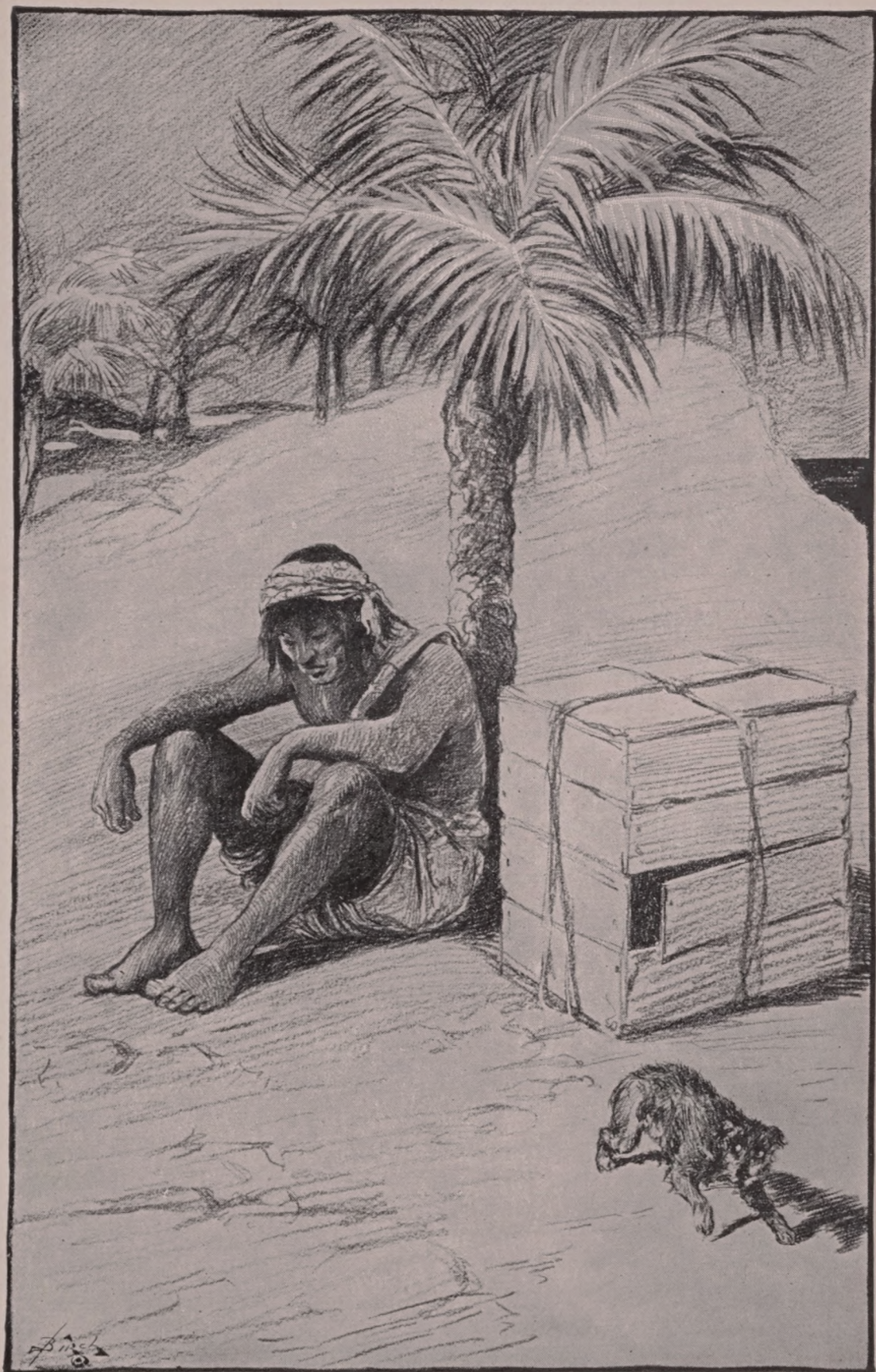
The journey went on until the sun was well overhead, and then the native stepped aside into the shadow of some trees, let the box drop from his shoulders—giving Gypsy a terrible bouncing—and lay down to rest. Gypsy was inclined to grumble at being tossed about in so rough a fashion; but, when he recovered himself and looked about him, he found reason to be very glad of the tumbling. When he stood up in the box he found that it had turned half-way

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

over, so that what had been the top was now at the side. Gypsy knew that he could pull the loose board inward and escape as soon as the drowsy native should fall asleep. The open side of the box was away from the native; but through a crack on the other side Gypsy saw the man's feet, and knew he was lying down. He hoped the man would snore, for then he would not be afraid to steal out. So he patiently waited.

In about ten minutes Gypsy heard the snoring sound, and very cautiously caught hold of the board, pulling it inward. It yielded readily, opened wide; Gypsy crawled softly out—and was free!

At least he was out of the box and able to run about; but where to go was a puzzle. Of course, he knew nothing about the country, and there was nothing in sight to guide him back to the town from which he had come. Yet, though his eyes could not serve him, he had another servant that proved more useful. He at once



Gypsy—6.

“GYPSY CRAWLED SOFTLY OUT, AND WAS FREE!”

See p. 160.

WHAT GYPSY FOUND

began by scent to trace the steps of the native down to the coast.

Following the man's footsteps would bring him back to where the box had been. "And then," thought Gypsy, "I'll find Jack's tracks from the French restaurant back to the ship." And, once back in the ship, the dog decided that he would try to get either to Paris or to America, without caring much which; for he had convinced himself that he was not wise enough to go about the world alone.

As he went trotting along as fast as he could follow the scent, Gypsy did a lot of thinking, and, besides, kept his eyes about him for fear he might run into some party of natives. He was not afraid the native that carried the box would come after him; for he felt sure the man had not known he was inside. Gypsy saw many queer sights in the woods as he went along: plenty of monkeys, for one thing—monkeys that chattered at him and threw branches or nuts at him as he passed; and he saw some

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

snakes and queer-looking spiders; but he hurried on without giving these much thought.

Suddenly, when Gypsy came to a cross-trail, he stopped and began sniffing the ground most searchingly. Then he threw his head upward, and then again began to smell about. He seemed very much excited; for his body quivered all over. At last, being alone in the woods, he spoke aloud to himself—something he had almost never done before.

“Well,” he exclaimed, “by the father of all the dogs that have barked at the moon, that scent was left by my old master’s foot, or there’s no trusting my nose any more!”

Again he went over the trail. It was somewhat confused, as if a large party of men had passed there; but Gypsy could not believe he had made a mistake in knowing the tracks were his old master’s.

“It can’t be possible,” said Gypsy, again. “I am surely dreaming. Here I am—I don’t know how many miles away from France—and

WHAT GYPSY FOUND

here is the scent of my old master's trail. It is n't possible; but all the same it is *true*. I can't always trust my mind; but I can always trust my nose. So here goes. I will follow his trail wherever it takes me!"

So saying Gypsy at once left the path he had been following, and took up the new one.

It led him directly to the bank of a river, and then followed a sort of rough highway among the rocks. All that afternoon Gypsy followed it, and just at nightfall it led him to a large encampment of soldiers. Although Gypsy did not know anything about it, there was fighting going on at that time between the French and the Malagasies, as the natives of Madagascar are called; and the trail he had been following was that of a body of French soldiers who had been sent to capture a native village.

Had Gypsy known the soldiers were French he would have entered the camp without fear; but now he made up his mind to go around the

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

camping-ground and look for the trail on the other side.

That morning there had been a little skirmish between the French soldiers and the natives. It had been soon over, and the natives had run away, leaving their village to be destroyed by the troops, according to the orders of the French general. These orders had been carried out, and nothing but smoking ruins remained. There had been a sharp fight first, and one of the French soldiers, in pursuing some natives, had gone astray. When the natives were out of sight and the soldier turned to rejoin his comrades he could not find his way. This did not worry him at first, for he felt able to lookout for himself until his comrades should find him; but presently he began to feel weak, without knowing the cause. Soon he found great difficulty in keeping his feet, so much had his weakness increased, and, besides, he felt deathly sick. He sat down under a tree, and leaned against the



Gypsy—7.

“HE SAT DOWN UNDER A TREE, AND LEANED AGAINST THE TRUNK.”

See p. 164.

WHAT GYPSY FOUND

trunk. Then, looking down, he saw a slender arrow that hung by its barb in the side of his thigh. The wound it had made was very small—too small to have caused him any trouble; but the soldier knew that some of the natives still used poisoned arrows, which they blew through long wooden tubes. Then he was frightened, for he knew that unless the tiny wound was properly cared for he had not long to live. Yet he could not walk far by himself, and he was afraid he might be abandoned by his comrades, who would think that he had fallen in their fight with the natives. He tied up the wound as well as he could, but he did not know how to treat it. He grew weaker, and at length lost his consciousness.

He did not know how long he lay senseless, but he was awakened by a little dog who was pulling at his arm. He opened his eyes drowsily, and the little dog capered about him joyfully.

“Don’t you know me?” cried the little dog

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

in French. "Don't you know me? I know you. I am your little dog who was with you so long ago in Paris—your dog that did tricks, the dog that they stole from you! Wake up, master. Wake up! You must go back to your friends. They are near!"

And all the time Gypsy kept running about and wagging his tail for pure joy that he had found the master he had thought was in Paris.

"Yes, I know you," said his master, smiling. "But I am so weak I can hardly move."

"What's the matter?" Gypsy asked. "Are you hurt?"

"I have been wounded," said the soldier; "not a large wound, but it is poisoned. Unless you can bring me help soon I shall die. You must run and bring some of the soldiers from the camp."

"Yes," said Gypsy, "I will. But can't you send a word by me? Can't you write? If they should hear me speak, I don't know what they'd think."

WHAT GYPSY FOUND

"You're right," said the soldier, to whom hope had given strength. And, taking a pencil from his pocket, he wrote a little note on a scrap from an old letter, and tied it around Gypsy's neck.

As soon as the note was fastened, Gypsy dashed off at the top of his speed, with his heart drumming his ribs. He went so fast that two or three times he rolled head over heels, but stopped only long enough to see that the note was still fast to him, and then went on helter-skelter.

Gypsy dashed into the camp so recklessly that he scared the guards, and one of them shot at him—luckily missing. But Gypsy did not stop until he tumbled into the officer's tent, where he stood wagging his tail and whining.

"My life, what's this?" exclaimed the officer, and then saw the bit of white paper. In a moment he had read the note and given his orders; in a few minutes a squad of soldiers were following at Gypsy's heels, and before

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

nightfall the wounded man had been brought into camp, treated by the surgeon, and was resting quietly—very sick and weak, but in no danger.

CHAPTER XIV

MUCH IN LITTLE

DURING the time his old master was getting well Gypsy was much petted by the French soldiers. They called him "The Dog of the Regiment," and made him a handsome collar of the French national colors—blue, red and white—signifying "hope, honor, courage." All were eager to care for the brave little comrade who had saved his master for them. Gypsy delighted in all this, but each day he would make visits to the hospital-tent to learn how his master thrived.

He mended rapidly, for the wound was nothing once the poison had been taken from his system. In two days he was able to see Gypsy, and the two had a long talk when no one was by.

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

Gypsy's story you know. His master was amazed to learn of the trick by which the Gypsies had stolen his dog, still more surprised to learn of the dog's voyage to America, and he was deeply touched by his dog's devotion in attempting to cross the ocean again. Both wondered at the strange chance that had brought them together in this African island so unexpectedly.

Gypsy's master had also a story to tell, but it was quickly told. After losing the dog—which meant loss of his living—the poor fellow had tried many ways to make his daily bread. He had peddled; he had tried to enter the circus ring once more, but could find no place either as acrobat or clown. Then he tried one trade after another, but did not do very well in any.

“At last,” he said to Gypsy, “finding Paris had no use for me, and having no friend in the city, I said to myself that I would see something of the world. So I took service in the active army, and when the war began against these islanders I was sent with my regiment to

MUCH IN LITTLE

the city of Tamatave, where you landed. We had one rather serious fight, and then the natives retreated inland. There has n't been more than a mere skirmish now and then; but one of these skirmishes nearly finished me. If you had n't come to rescue me I should have died, surely."

When each had told his story, they began to discuss the future. Gypsy—for his master had agreed to call him by this new name, which the little dog liked best of all he had borne—had no idea except to stay with the regiment; but, to his surprise, this did n't suit his old master at all.

He had many talks with the dog, whenever they were left a few minutes by themselves, and in all he insisted that Gypsy ought to go back to America. "America," the soldier would say, "is the best home for you. You found friends there, and they would be glad to keep you in comfort. If you stay with us, you will have a hard life."

"But I am glad to share with you," Gypsy insisted.

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

"I know. But I am likely to lose my life any day, and then what will become of you? The soldiers will be good to you, no doubt, but there is no quiet and no certainty in their life. No, Gypsy, when we get back to town—which will be in a few days now—I will find this sailor and see if I can't get him to take you back to your little American friends, Chris and Helen. Then, when I am once more free, I will come to America, too, and we will live there."

So their talks always ended, and at last Gypsy was brought to see that his master knew best, and consented. In a few days more the soldiers broke camp, and marched back to Tamatave, where they were in garrison.

Then, as soon as he could get leave, Gypsy's old master went with him to the ship that had brought the dog from America, and inquired for Sailor Jack. The two Frenchmen were friends at once, and the sailor was delighted to see the little dog once more, and to hear of his

MUCH IN LITTLE

strange adventures since their parting on the day they landed.

He gladly agreed to take charge of Gypsy again, and to see him safe home to New York, as soon as the steamer sailed. She was already loading, and in a week more was ready for the return voyage. During the waiting Gypsy had a pleasant visit with his master and the other French soldiers, but became so tired of the strict rules and hours of soldier-life that he was glad to go aboard of the steamer, though sorry to part with his master. They parted on the shore, Gypsy jumped into a little boat, Jack and the other sailors pulled on their oars, and it was good-bye to his old master and to Madagascar.

Of course, there were various interesting happenings on the voyage home—such, for instance, as the day when Gypsy discovered a fire on board the ship, and gave the alarm at the top of his voice, and thus saved her. But one cannot tell everything. After a long and rather prosperous voyage the vessel came at last to her

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

dock in Brooklyn, and Gypsy went ashore with his sailor friend—a bigger, stronger, brighter dog than he was a few months before, and happy that his voyage, though begun so stupidly, had turned out so well.

Sailor Jack was anxious to see that Gypsy was put safely on the train for the town where his friends lived, and so went with him all the way to the Grand Central station. Once here, Gypsy bade Jack good-bye in dog-fashion, and then lurked about the station, waiting to find the “brass-buttons man” who had been so good to him on his former railroad journey. Jack had attached to Gypsy’s collar a tag on which was written the name of the station to which he was going, and a request that the conductor would see he was put off there.

All this was done because it was what Gypsy had asked his master to do for him. Besides, there was nothing else to do. Gypsy had told his master he would not be *sent* home like a package, and had insisted that a dog who could

MUCH IN LITTLE

travel half around the world by himself did not need any great care.

It was early in the morning when Gypsy got to the station, and it was late in the afternoon before the dog found his friend, the conductor. Seeing him, Gypsy ran up to him at once, and, sitting on his haunches, waited to be noticed.

"Well, well," said the conductor, "it seems to me I have seen you before! How are you? What is it now, old fellow?"

Gypsy shook the tag that was attached to his neck.

"Oho," said the conductor, laughing, "I see! You have a ticket now, have you? But that is n't a ticket; it is only a tag. I'm afraid somebody will have to pay your fare."

Gypsy understood him, and began to bark, and to shake his head. This made the conductor laugh again. "So you want to travel on a pass, do you? Well, you're not the only one, by several I know. Come here, pup, and I'll see if I can't fix you out."

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

Gypsy followed, and the conductor led him through the gates, and then pointed to a car. "Hop in," said the conductor, "and I'll let you know when to get off."

Gypsy jumped into the car, and gladly coiled up in a corner, feeling that his travels were almost over and were coming to a pleasant conclusion. In about twenty minutes the cars began to move, and then went faster and faster until they were gliding along at express speed.

Gypsy heaved a sigh of relief. "Surely," said he, "my master was right. I'd rather be in America, traveling on a railway, than bumping about in a packing-box carried by a native porter over the hills of Madagascar."

CHAPTER XV

GYPSY MAKES ANOTHER MISTAKE

G YPSY settled down for his journey with the feeling that now his troubles were over. He had nothing to do but wait quietly until the conductor came to let him know that he had reached the right station, and then to hop off and make his way home along the familiar road from the station. The train stopped at many places, and Gypsy began to wonder how long it would be before the conductor came. He had waited so long about the big station in New York that it was a late train that he was on, and now it began to be dusky. The brakeman came through the train and lighted the gas. Still Gypsy heard nothing

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

from the conductor, and at last he became so uneasy that he got up and nosed about the door to the car to see whether anyone was coming. He felt sure the conductor had forgotten all about him, and that he had been carried by his station. At last Gypsy became so certain that the journey was much longer than that he had made in traveling away from Chris and Helen's house to New York, that he made up his mind to find the conductor at any risk. So he left the part of the car in which he had been put, and went out among the passengers. He went so quietly that no one noticed him, and by waiting near the door until it was opened at a station he soon succeeded in getting into the next car.

Here he met a man in a blue uniform, with brass buttons, and ran eagerly to him. But Gypsy had made a mistake. This conductor was a stranger, and, on seeing the dog, he asked:

“How did this dog get in here?”

GYPSY MAKES ANOTHER MISTAKE

There was no answer, and the man asked again :

“ Who owns this dog ? ”

There was no reply ; and so the conductor, picking Gypsy up by the neck, carried him to the platform and threw him off—luckily at a time when the train was not going very fast. Gypsy had no time to make any protest. In fact, before he could imagine what the conductor was going to do, Gypsy found himself flying through the air and hoping that he might be lucky enough to alight on something soft.

He did. He fell on something that was altogether too soft ; for he went, plump ! into a stream of water that flowed beside the railway. This gave him a good ducking, but probably saved him from injury.

Gypsy could swim, of course ; and when he came up from his dive he was thoroughly cross and disgusted.

“ There,” he sputtered, “ that’s just the way things go ! I can sail all around the world

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

without getting my feet wet, and when I am almost home I must be thrown head over heels into a ditch beside the road!"

He climbed the bank and sat down to get his bearings. He remained where he was for some time, hoping that he might see something that would give him a hint of his whereabouts. But he could see nothing but a long, bare stretch of railroad track, shut in on each side by woods. He could not see even this very distinctly, as it was now nightfall, and there was no moon or other light except the faint glimmer of a railroad switch light far down the track. Gypsy concluded that he must, of course, have been carried beyond his station, and so ought to follow the railroad in that direction. He was well rested now; he had not been hurt by his souse in the ditch, and he was chilly when he sat still. So up he got, and away he went along over the ties, but keeping a sharp eye forward so that he might have early warning of the coming of another train.

GYPSY MAKES ANOTHER MISTAKE

He traveled several miles in this way, now and then getting off the track when warned by the gleam of the locomotive headlight; and then he came to a place where the road branched. Now, Gypsy had not the faintest idea which road to take, and he came to a halt, completely discouraged. He was in a new part of the country; his scent was useless; he could see no house, or any sign of life or of human beings, except the railroad signals.

While he was hesitating what to do, another train came pounding along, and Gypsy ran up a little bank by the roadside, from which to watch it flash by him. He was almost blinded by the headlight and lighted windows of the cars, and had to blink his eyes before he could see clearly again. He turned his back on the railroad to rest his eyesight by looking into the dark woods, and then he saw a light in the distance.

For fear lest he might take the wrong branch, Gypsy did not dare follow the railroad further

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

just then, and so he thought he would go toward this light.

He entered the woods, and made his way slowly through the underbrush, now seeing the light in the distance, and then losing it again when he crossed some hollow. But he was certainly coming nearer to it all the time, and so he kept on.

When he had approached near enough to make out what the light was, he could see that it was a bonfire in the woods. It had burned quite low, and only now and then flared up so as to show anything of what surrounded it. Gypsy made up his mind to go a little nearer and see whether there were any men about; but he meant to be very cautious.

Unfortunately Gypsy went too near. Suddenly a big dog rose and came dashing toward him, barking loud and acting as if he would eat Gypsy at once. Gypsy could not run away, for that would have caused the big dog to attack him, and so he bristled up the hair on his neck,

GYPSY MAKES ANOTHER MISTAKE

showed his teeth, and growled out in dog-language:

“Look out! If you come too near, I shall bite!”

But several men who had been sleeping near the fire had come after the big dog. They carried sticks, and were ready to fight. Gypsy's heart beat fast; but he could not run away, for the fierce dog was only waiting a chance to seize him.

As the men came up one of them said:

“Oh, it's only a little dog. But—wait! I think—yes, I'm sure now—it's Jucal!”

Then Gypsy knew that he had fallen upon the Gypsies' camp, and he made one wild attempt to dash into the woods. But no sooner had he started than the big dog jumped for him and caught him by the ear.

“That's right,” cried the young man—it was certainly Gypsy Joe; “hold him, Blacky! Hold him! I'm coming!”

Joe rushed forward and seized Gypsy by the

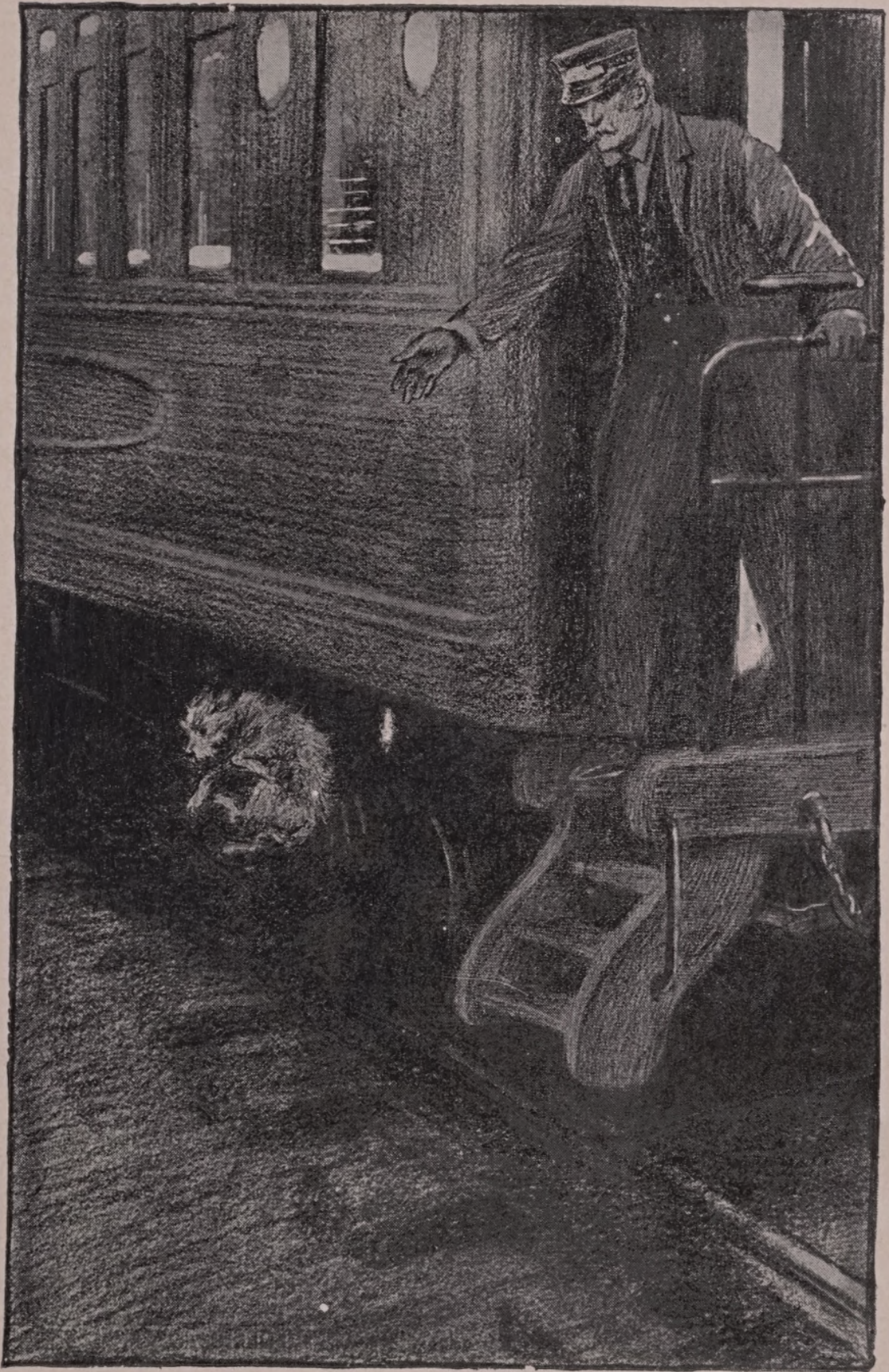
GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

collar, and Gypsy's chance of escaping was gone. They took their captive back to the camp, and chained him to one of the wagon-wheels; and, to make it still surer that he should not get away, they set the big dog, Blacky, to watch over Gypsy—a thing the ugly brute was only too glad to do.

So just when Gypsy had felt that all his troubles and trials were at an end he had fallen again into the hands of his worst enemies. The poor little fellow did not sleep a wink that night, and in the morning he was tossed into one of the wagons and chained to its side.

Then the Gypsies broke up their camp, and made their way out of the woods. Every now and then the man Joe would come to the side of the wagon to see that the captive was still secure, and at these visits he would tell Gypsy what was in store for him.

“Aha,” said Joe, “so you could n't keep away from us? You were too fond of us, were n't you, Jucal? Well, we'll see you don't run



Gypsy—8.

“GYPSY FOUND HIMSELF FLYING THROUGH THE AIR.”

See p. 179.

GYPSY MAKES ANOTHER MISTAKE;

away again in a hurry; and, by the way, I owe you a thrashing for the way you jumped at my heels when I had to leave you with your fine friends. I'll keep the dust out of your hide, Jucal."

Gypsy paid no attention to Joe, for really he was too miserable. He remained crouched in a corner of the wagon, and would not even look at his tormentor, who came again and again to gloat over him.

They traveled all the morning, and at noon they encamped in the woods again to eat dinner. They gave Gypsy some pieces of hard bread and a little water, and then sat down outside while they ate. But during this halt Gypsy overheard the two Gypsies who had stolen him talking together, and learned something that pleased him.

"You're a fool," said the older man to the younger one, "to keep in this part of the country. If you stay here, and the dog should get away, he'll find his way to his old friends again."

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

“He won’t get away,” said Joe. “I’ll take good care of that. And I must stay here for a day or two, for there’s money to be made at the fair.”

“Is there a fair?” Alexander asked.

“Yes,” Joe answered, “it’s the County Fair, and I have to buy a horse. Besides, by making Jucal do his tricks I can earn a hatful of money.”

“You won’t dare bring him out.”

“But I shall,” said Joe. “He’s a smart little scamp, I know. But no one comes to these fairs except the farmer folk. There’ll be none of his old friends there.”

“I would n’t take the risk,” said Alexander.

“But I’m going to take it,” Joe answered.

So from this talk Gypsy knew that his friends were not far away, and he hoped something might happen to save him from the hands of the thieves who had stolen him, and who now meant to put him again to the hard life from which he thought he had escaped forever.

CHAPTER XVI

A TALK AT MIDNIGHT

ON the day of the County Fair the Gypsy camp was early astir, meaning to get to the grounds as soon as possible, in order that they might choose a good place for their encampment. The chief of the Gypsies, old Alexander, had spoken to the managers of the fair, and had told them what an attractive addition to the show a "Real Gypsy Encampment" would be. The managers had agreed with him, and so in all the showbills posted about the country the coming of the Gypsy riders, Gypsy fortune-tellers and Gypsy dancers had been well advertised. If Joe had known that he was to be so lucky as to capture his best performing-dog again, no doubt he, too, would have

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

been told about in big letters on the barns and in the post-offices for several miles around. Joe was glad now that this had not been done, for, in spite of his brag to Alexander, he was uneasy for fear Gypsy might be seen by some one who knew him. Still, he had to take chances if he wished to make any money out of the dog.

Arriving at the Fair, the men put up tents made of white sheeting; the women put on glass beads, colored ribbons, big earrings, and a dozen other things they never wore at any other time. All tried to look as much as they could in the way they thought the farmers would expect "real Gysies" to look, for they hoped to attract silly young men and maidens who wished their fortunes told, and also to do a little horse-trading—and possibly a little pocket-picking, if any came in their way.

Poor Gypsy would have been entirely miserable but for a hope that the Fair might be the means of letting his friends know of his captivity. This hope made him so ready to do his

A TALK AT MIDNIGHT

part in preparation for his tricks that Joe was quite delighted with him, and even gave him several lumps of sugar for doing so well what he was told.

Gypsy had another reason for wishing to please Joe. He was afraid that at the last moment Joe might decide it was dangerous to have the dog perform. So Gypsy held his little gun, tumbled, rolled, stood on his head, and, in short, carried out all Joe's orders so promptly and so well that Joe actually patted him on the head and said :

“Bravo, Jucal ! There never was so bright a trick-dog as you ! I'm glad to see you're not sulky. Keep up your good behavior, and you and I will get on famously. Let bygones be bygones, and we'll be friends yet.”

But Gypsy was honest, and he could n't wag his tail, just then, even though he knew it was the wise thing to do.

The morning of the first Fair day passed very pleasantly for all in the camp. It was sunny

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

and bright; the place was filled with visitors; they were generous with their money, and every one of the Gypsies was good-humored. Early in the afternoon Joe wrote out a big sign, in which he gave a glowing description of the "Performing Dog. The most intelligent and amusing quadruped in the whole world. An animal that could do anything but talk!" And so on until he had filled a large sheet of paper. This was fastened up outside of their largest tent, and inside they put all the chairs they could get.

People came in crowds to the show, and filled the tent, paying twenty-five cents each. Then poor Gypsy was brought out, unchained and made to perform. For the reasons already given he did his very best; but all the time Gypsy kept looking at every one who entered the tent, hoping to see some one he knew. There were three performances given that afternoon, and at all of them Gypsy failed to see a familiar face. But, just as he was being led from the tent back

A TALK AT MIDNIGHT

to the wagon to be chained up for the night, Gypsy's heart suddenly gave a bound. He caught sight of a little black pony with a white mane and tail. It was Galopoff.

But, to his dismay, the pony did not seem to know him, and would not even look his way. Poor Gypsy tugged at his chain for a moment, fearing that Galopoff had not seen him. But he need not have worried about that. There was very little that Galopoff did not notice; and, in fact, though Gypsy did not know it, it was Galopoff who had brought about their meeting.

Galopoff loved racing, and had won many prizes when he was younger. He always begged to be taken to the races whenever any were held. This had brought him to the Fair, and, once there, he had seen the placard upon the tent of the Gypsy encampment. Galopoff had then begged his master to let him stay a while near the tent, so that he might find out whether the dog advertised to perform was his old

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

friend, Gypsy, though that seemed hardly possible.

So now, just as Gypsy was being led by him, the clever little pony pretended to snap crossly at the dog, bringing his sharp teeth almost to the dog's ear. Joe thought the pony was ugly tempered, and hastily snatched Gypsy out of the pony's reach. Really, while his mouth was almost at Gypsy's ear, Galopoff seized the opportunity to whisper to him just the words:

“To-night!”

Now, Gypsy had some sense, and he understood at once that he was to keep on the watch, so that he could be ready to help in any plan the pony might be able to think of. So, when all the rest of the camp were fast asleep, late that night, Gypsy kept his bright eyes open, and his ears alert, for any sign that might show his friends were near.

About midnight he heard a soft brushing against the wagon-curtains, and very slowly and cautiously, so as not to rattle his chain, Gypsy

A TALK AT MIDNIGHT

drew himself close to where he had heard the sound.

Then he heard a soft whisper. It was Galopoff's voice, but so low that it could not have been heard even a few feet off.

"Are you awake, Gypsy?" the pony asked.

"Yes. Can't you get me away?"

"Not to-night, I think," said Galopoff. "It is much easier to get into fixes than out of them. But to-morrow night I think we can do something for you; for I shall give my mind to it."

"But why don't you come to the camp right in daylight, and demand that they let me go?" asked Gypsy, still in the same soft whisper.

"Because we could n't show we owned you," said Galopoff. "Don't you see, the Gypsies have as much right to you as anyone else. You chose to go away from Chris and Helen; they let you go, and so now *they* don't own you. Your own master is far away, I suppose."

"Yes, he's in Madagascar; I saw him there. It is a big island off the coast of Africa—"

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

"See here, Gypsy," Galopoff whispered, "this is no class in geography. Besides, I know where Madagascar is. Listen to me. You have no owner, and these Gypsies— Goodness! I wish your name was n't the same! It is confusing. These thieves have as much right to you as we can show."

"But," said poor Gypsy, much discouraged by this speech, "surely you 're not going to leave me in their hands?"

"Of course not," said Galopoff. "I was talking of what the law might say if we claimed you. We're not going to *claim* anything. We are going to *take* you, and let them claim you if they dare. You'll save time if you'll do the listening and let me talk."

"All right. Go on, Galopoff," said Gypsy, more cheerfully.

"Very well. Now, to-morrow night I shall bring a few friends with me, and we will see whether we can't outwit these dog-stealers. Honest folks are nearly always cleverer than

A TALK AT MIDNIGHT

rogues when they give their minds to it, I believe. So you be ready, and at about this same hour you 'll see something happening. Good-bye, or—since you 're a French dog—I 'll say, *Au révoir!*”

Almost without a sound Galopoff was gone. He had not waked even Blacky, the big watchdog; and little Gypsy, full of hope, fell fast asleep, and slept quietly until sunrise.

CHAPTER XVII

A COUNCIL OF WAR

IF there was anything Galopoff really enjoyed, it was a chance to distinguish himself. He was so delighted with his good luck in finding Gypsy, and his head was so full of plans and schemes for rescuing the captive, that he was really frisky when he was taken out next day. His master, who was driving him, had not seen him so full of spirits in a long time, and did not know what to make of it, for Galopoff was not so young as he had been. At last, when they came to a part of the road where there was no danger of being overheard, he said aloud, addressing himself to the pony:

“What is the matter with you, Galopoff? Have you been taking too many oats?”

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

Galopoff tossed his head indignantly.

"No," he answered, "this is not the effect of anything so common as oats. I have just made a discovery."

"What is it?" asked his master. "Something fine at the fair?"

"Absurd!" Galopoff replied. "Do you remember the great Russian fairs? And can you ask me whether I have been pleased over anything at this trumpery little County Fair? No. I have found out a piece of villainy."

"Ah," said his master, more seriously, "something really important, then."

"Yes, something in which I am going to ask your help. Do you remember the clever little dog that ran away from the Gypsies, and was taken care of by your little friends, Christopher and Helen?"

"I remember him," said his master, "but I thought he went abroad to look for an old friend."

"So he did," Galopoff went on, "but now he

A COUNCIL OF WAR

is back again after a journey half around the world, and somehow he has fallen into the hands of the Gypsies who stole him before."

"Perhaps he went back to them of his own accord," said Galopoff's master. "Was he the Performing Dog they advertised at the Fair?"

"Yes; and afterwards, last night, I went to the Gypsy encampment in the woods near by—"

"Was n't that a little risky?" his master interrupted. "They might have stolen you, you know."

Galopoff was much diverted by this idea.

"They steal *me*?" he exclaimed. "Why, the very idea is amusing! I almost wish they had tried it! It is a long time since I have had a real good chance to kick anything that deserved it. But I must not waste time talking about such foolishness. What I wish to do is to put you into full possession of the facts in the case, and then secure your aid or your advice, as the case may demand."

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

"But what do you intend to do?" asked his master.

"I have n't entirely made up my mind," Galopoff replied, "and so I am going to think the matter over quietly when I am taking my noonday lunch, and then I shall ask you to have a talk with me about it."

"Very well," answered the Russian Prince, who was almost as fond of adventure as even Galopoff himself. "I 'll come out to the stable this afternoon about three o'clock, and we 'll hold a council of war."

This being settled, they drove home, and each went to the noontime meal.

About three o'clock the Russian Prince came out to Galopoff's stable, and sent Terence, the stable-boy, on an errand that would keep him out of the way. Then he drew up a chair, Galopoff came out of his stall, and they settled down for a good talk.

"I don't remember just how much I have told you about Gypsy," Galopoff began. "Gypsy,

A COUNCIL OF WAR

you know, is the name of the dog we spoke about this morning. But perhaps it will be enough to give you just a brief resumé or synopsis of the situation."

Galopoff knew a good many big words, and liked to use them when sure they would be understood.

"I know only that he has been stolen twice by these Gypsies," said his master. "Who owns the dog?"

"I should think that a lawyer would say he still belonged to his French master," Galopoff said. "And, since he is out of our reach, I don't think it altogether wise to raise that question. My idea is to get him away from the thieves, and let them claim him if they dare."

"Good, so far," his master agreed.

"The next question is how to get hold of him. They are very cautious now, and they keep Gypsy chained in one of their wagons. Near the wagon the Gypsy men sleep, and, besides, there is a big watchdog on guard. I wish he

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

was in some place far away from here. It is easy enough to outwit men—”

“Thank you,” said his master, smiling.

“When they ’re asleep,” Galopoff went on very coolly. “But with a faithful watchdog it is a different matter. Still, I think it can be done.”

“Do you mean to steal Gypsy from their camp?”

“Exactly; and I have thought out a plan. I admit that, though I am not often puzzled, the big watchdog was a—sticker, if I may be allowed a piece of slang.”

“Oh, certainly,” said his master, smiling to himself.

“Thank you,” Galopoff replied politely. “At first I thought I would just steal quietly into the camp and knock his head off with a good kick. Then that seemed too rough, perhaps.”

“It does sound a little rough,” said the Prince.

“And then I had one of my clever ideas,” Galopoff went on. “Do you know the dog

A COUNCIL OF WAR

Bruno, that lives about a mile or two down the road?"

"I remember. A nuisance of a dog that came out and barked at you one day—"

"Yes," said Galopoff, "I gave him a gentle hoof-touch to teach him better manners. It did. He has been very sensible ever since. Sent his regards to me once or twice; bows and smiles and wags at me now when I pass. Yes—that's the dog. My idea is to take him with us; that is, with you and me—"

"So I am to go?" his master asked, roguishly.

"I'm sure you could n't stay away," Galopoff answered. "You and I have been through many a fine row together. Do you remember, on our trip home from the Siberian mines— But there, that story will keep till I publish my life. Yes, we will call upon Bruno to help. Bruno is to take up the attention of the Gypsies' big dog; I will take up the attention of the men, and you will slip quietly to the wagon and set the little captive free. That's all that is

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

needed—just set him free. He'll do the rest. He's a good runner."

"But how do you mean to take up the men's attention?"

"I'll attend to that," Galopoff said, laughing. But I shall have to ask my mistress to make me a few things I need. Do you think she will mind?"

"Certainly not. Will you come up to the piazza? She is sitting there with her sewing."

Galopoff agreed, and went with his master to where Lola—now grown-up and married—was sitting beside her mending-basket.

Whatever it was Galopoff said, it amused her very much, and she laughingly agreed to make the few things he required. But she had to put her other work aside; for the expedition was to start that very night.

Meanwhile, Galopoff trotted out of the yard in order to ask Bruno to take part in the plan. He found the big dog—nearly as big as the pony himself—roaming about the front yard of

A COUNCIL OF WAR

his own house, and in a few words explained what was wanted.

“Will I do it?” Bruno exclaimed. “Sure I will, then; for ’t was a decent little dog he was. I met him one day just as he was going by, and passed the time of day with him. Besides, I had one little argument, like, with the Gypsies’ big brute of a dog, and ’t was left unfinished. I owe him a nip or two, and we ’ll see which of us has the worst of the discussion!”

Bruno agreed to call at Galopoff’s stable at ten o’clock that night, ready to take part in the affair, and with his fighting collar on.

When Galopoff reached home he found the things Lola had made for him were ready to be tried on, and a jolly time they had making all snug and tidy. By dinner-time, about half-past six, all was ready, and Galopoff returned to the stable in order that he might rest and be fresh for his part in the night’s work.

Galopoff had not the slightest doubt his plan would succeed; and, because he believed so in

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

himself, the pony usually did succeed in everything he undertook. Meanwhile Gypsy was spending a second day at the Fair, going through his tricks to amuse the country folk.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE MARCH UPON THE FOE

GALOPOFF had been living so quiet and peaceable a life that, while he was very happy, he had found things a little dull. Now that he was going to pass an exciting night, to have a fight, perhaps, and maybe take some sound whacks from the Gypsies' sticks, he felt several years younger already. His eyes were bright, and he swished his tail and tossed his mane, as he practiced kicking a sort of stuffed bag that had been made for the purpose. Galopoff had some time before told his master that he wanted a kicking-bag.

“A ‘kicking-bag?’ What’s that?” the Prince asked.

“Why, it’s like a man’s punching-bag—

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

something to practice on. Sometimes I just must *kick*. Now, Terence is a good boy, though he has some of Patrick's faults, and I don't really want to kick Terence. And yet several times I have felt tempted to send Terence flying through the stable-door, merely for exercise. So I think I would like a kicking-bag."

The Prince knew that Terence was in no danger, but he had a large leather bag made and hung nicely in reach of Galopoff's sharp little heels. It did n't last very long, for Galopoff kicked it to pieces in about six weeks. He told his master that it was a great relief to his mind.

Now, in thinking of their expedition, Galopoff aimed kick after kick at the kicking-bag, and made it go whack against the stable ceiling, again and again, so that Terence knew that Galopoff was very happy. It was a sure sign.

When Galopoff had kicked himself somewhat out of breath, he rested a little and began to think. Then he had another of his good ideas. He remembered what a jolly little fellow Chris

THE MARCH UPON THE FOE

was, and how brave he had been when the Gypsy Joe came to reclaim the dog, and Galopoff decided that he would ask Chris to be one of the rescuing party. Galopoff was never locked up. Both the bar of his stall and the door of his stable were arranged so that he could open them from the outside or inside, by ways known only to himself, his master and mistress. Turning about, he raised the bar of his stall, opened the stable door, and was out in a moment. The sun was just setting, and Galopoff galloped away along the road toward Christopher's home, where he arrived just after dark.

Galopoff could n't whistle, and at first he could n't think how to bring Christopher out. He had never talked with any member of that family, though he knew Gypsy had told them he could talk. Remembering this, Galopoff went up near to the lighted windows, and gave a low whinny, and then called "Chris, oh, Chris!"

There was no answer. Galopoff went closer to the window and tried again. This time

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

Chris came to the inside of the window, raised the shade and looked out. He could not at first see much, looking from the lighted room into the darkness ; but as his eyes became used to the change he saw Galopoff standing near the house, and knew him at once by his white mane and white tail. Opening the window, he said :

“ What is it, Galopoff? Anything wrong at your house ? ”

“ Not at all,” said the pony. “ We ’re always all right. But I have found your dog Gypsy.”

“ Found Gypsy ! ” exclaimed Chris. “ Why, I thought he was in Europe.”

“ He came back. I have n’t had much time to talk with him yet, but he is in trouble. Somehow he has fallen into the hands of the Gypsies again, and they are showing his tricks at the County Fair.”

“ But we must rescue him,” said Chris.

“ We will,” said Galopoff. “ That is why I am here. I came after you. Go and ask your father whether you can come over to my home,

THE MARCH UPON THE FOE

and may go with my master to get the dog away from the Gypsies. Go at once, for I wish to take you back with me. Hurry, Chris."

Chris closed the window and pulled down the shade.

While Chris was consulting his father Galopoff went round to the front door and waited impatiently for the boy to appear. When the door opened, Chris and Helen both stood there, and, as usual, both began to talk at once. Galopoff did n't understand a word.

"Ahem!" said he, "it's a charming duet, but I can't tell what it is all about. Chris, since you are going with me, suppose you let Helen have a few words?"

"Thank you, Galopoff," said Helen. "I just wanted to tell you that father says Chris can go, and that I have brought my goldpiece, so that you may have some money if you need it."

"Here is mine, too," Chris added, drawing it from his pocket.

"Very well," Galopoff answered. "Put them

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

in your pocket again, hop on my back, and away we go !”

Chris caught hold of the mane, leaped on Galopoff's back, Helen waved her hand and wished them good luck, Galopoff gave a quick bound that almost unseated Chris, wheeled about, and trotted down the road.

When Galopoff reached his home again, he told Chris to go up to the house and explain to the Prince that he was a new recruit for the expedition. And meanwhile Galopoff advised him to take a little nap until it was time to start. Chris found this advice good, and followed it, after a little talk with his friend the Prince.

At ten o'clock Bruno came trotting into the yard, and was warmly greeted by Galopoff, who praised him for being punctual. In a few minutes more the Prince and Chris came from the house, and the expedition was ready to start.

Galopoff invited Chris to ride, and the Prince and Bruno went alongside. It was quite a long walk, but the Prince was too heavy for Galopoff

THE MARCH UPON THE FOE

to carry, and they did not care to take any other of the horses with them. After Chris was mounted a large bundle was strapped to the saddle behind him, and then the four members of the rescue expedition took the road for the Gypsy encampment.

It was a cloudy night, with occasional glimpses of the moon. As they were still a long way from the encampment, they did not mind making a little noise and talking a little. Bruno, who had a great respect for the pony, kept close to his head, and the Prince talked with Chris, explaining what Galopoff's plan was. Now that Chris had joined them, there was a change made: it was decided that Chris should be the one to release Gypsy from his chain, and that the Prince should do his part in the conflict with the men. On the way the Prince stepped to the side of the road, and cut himself a stout cudgel. He did not mean to use it unless he was forced to defend himself. Chris had no weapon, since he was to take no part in the battle.

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

Bruno needed no other weapon than his teeth, and Galopoff always had his four hoofs with him. And then, besides, there was that mysterious bundle strapped to the back of his saddle.

Now they were coming near to the Gypsies' settlement, and it was time the bundle was opened. They drew aside into a piece of woods, and the Prince took the bundle, opened it and drew from it some clothing. Then, to Chris's amusement, the Prince shook these things out, and Galopoff, with his master's help, proceeded to put them on. The costume, which had been made by Lola to fit Galopoff, was of coarse sheeting, and was like a giant's pajamas—being a loose jacket and trousers, but with tapes instead of buttons to fasten it. Besides the clothing there was a tall, white pointed cap, from which hung a loose veil to cover Galopoff's head, and having places cut for his eyes.

When this was all put on, and Galopoff stood up on his hind legs, he made a curious figure—a figure very amusing to his friends, who had

THE MARCH UPON THE FOE

seen him put it on, but one that would be really terrifying to any who did not know what it was.

“What do you think of my dress, Chris?” Galopoff asked, when Bruno was out of the way.

“It’s the funniest thing I ever saw,” said Chris, laughing.

“It may be funny to you,” Galopoff answered; “but you will find that it will scare those dog-thieves out of their seven senses and a year’s growth. And, by the way, be sure to warn Gypsy about it, or he may be scared, too; for I shall make some blood-curdling shrieks if my voice holds out.”

At this moment Bruno came near again, and so Galopoff had to stop talking. He could not have said much more, anyway; for now they saw the gleam of the Gypsies’ bonfire through the woods, and all were silent, creeping nearer and nearer to the sleeping camp.

Even Gypsy himself, who was wide awake and anxiously looking for the arrival of his res-

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

cuers, had nothing to warn him of their approach until Galopoff gave a wild cry at the top of his lungs, which he did to make everybody in the camp look that way, while Chris slipped around at the other side and came close to Gypsy's wagon-prison. Again Galopoff called aloud, and then was silent. Everybody in the Gypsies' camp awoke, and all gazed into the darkness that surrounded them, wondering what could have made so queer a noise.

Meanwhile Chris, unnoticed, was making his way to the wagon where Gypsy was chained.

CHAPTER XIX

THE BATTLE IN THE WOODS

AFTER the attacking party had returned to their homes Chris, of course, went straight to bed; and it was high time, for it was half-past midnight. But in the morning—which, luckily, was Saturday, and I don't know what they would have done if it had been a school-day, for Helen positively could n't have waited another minute to hear about it—in the morning at breakfast Helen began on Chris before she began on her toast, and she always took toast before she took anything else.

“Oh, Chris,” she said, “did you get him?”

“Did we get him?” he repeated in a scornful, big-brotherish sort of tone. Do you see me alive, sister, dear? Or did I leave my mortal

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

frame on the field of carnage? Did we get him, indeed?"

"Now, Chris," said Helen, "it is n't declamation-day. You stop your boy-on-the-burning-deck talk, and let me know all about it. Please, do, Chris?"

"Listen, me sister, and you shall hear
Of the midnight fight of your brother dear,"

Chris began. Whereupon Helen pretended she was about to throw a biscuit at him and he stopped.

"Honest and true, Helen, it was great. And I am just dying to tell you about it. But I am going to leave out all the first part and get right to the real exciting part. You know how Galopoff came for me, and how I rode away on his back. Well, when we got there I took a little snooze to prepare me for the fray, and about ten or half-past we set out—Galopoff and his master, Bruno and myself. I rode on Galopoff, at his invitation, and it was bully. The others

THE BATTLE IN THE WOODS

walked. When we were almost there, they all stopped, and Galopoff put on the funniest rig you ever saw—a suit of horse-pajamas—and then when he reared up and walked on his hind legs he looked like—well, all possessed. It would make a cow laugh to see him. It made me.”

“What was that for?” Helen asked.

“You ’ll see,” Chris answered. He liked to tell stories in his own way. “Then the Russian Prince cut a big stick with a knob on the end, and we went on, going through the woods like a lot of fellows going to hook apples. I went first, because I had to sheer round to one side, so as to take the enemy in the rear. You see, Helen, the pony had told us Gypsy was chained up in one of the wagons, and it was my proud privilege to set him free.”

“How were you going to cut the chain?” asked Helen.

“That shows,” said Chris, “that you have a big head. Do you know, none of us thought

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

about that? I suppose we thought that he would be fastened only by a snap-hook."

"And was he?" asked Helen, delighted to be praised.

"If the audience," Chris remarked, "will keep their seats and refrain from interrupting the lecturer, they will be informed of all points of importance in due course of time."

"Chris, do go on!" cried Helen.

"As you will, me gracious queveen! I sheered off, as I have told you, and went on a circum-bendibus route. Meanwhile the cavalry—Galopoff—the artillery, and the rest of the forces advanced in good order. I got to the wagon all right, all right, and there was Gypsy wagging his stumpum tailum fit to shake himself, and dancing about like a new girl at dancing-school. His chain rattled, and I was afraid they would hear him. Meanwhile I had raised the signal for the attack by hooting like an owl. And then and thereupon Galopoff raised that voice of his, and emitted a howl that he must have in-



Gypsy—10.

“‘NOW, CHRIS, LET ME KNOW ALL ABOUT IT.’”

See p 218.

THE BATTLE IN THE WOODS

vented for the occasion. It made my flesh creep, and I was ready for it, too. It woke the echoes, the Gypsies, the watch-dog and everything else.

“Then the fun began. The Gypsies jumped out. They have the untidy but convenient habit of sleeping in their clothes, and so they were all ready. Every one of them seemed to have a stick, too. They sprang to their feet, and tried to find out what had happened. The only one that seemed to keep his senses was their big black dog. He showed fight, but, as he came forward, Bruno fell on him like a cartload of bricks, and at it they went. It would have been worth seeing, except there was n’t time to look at it. For just then Galopoff appeared walking on his hind legs with his big foolscap hat on, looking like—nothing anybody ever saw. Gypsy was scared, but I said, ‘Hush! It’s only Galopoff in white clothes,’ and he kept quiet.”

“Goodness!” Helen exclaimed. “Did it frighten the Gypsies?”

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

"I should remark!" said Chris. "They just howled. But the oldest one was game. He drew a pistol, and, though his hand shook, he tried to fire it. But just then the Russian came on a run, and sent the pistol flying with his cudgel. The other Gypsies had taken to their heels, and we could hear them crashing through the woods and bumping their heads into branches and other hard objects."

"And what were you doing?" Helen asked.

"I admit that for a little while I was watching the rumpus," Chris replied; "and then, suddenly remembering that Galopoff, our general, expected every man to do his duty, I turned my attention to the chain question. I tried to find the hook; but there was no hook. I found the chain fastened with a little padlock. I was scared then; for I did n't see exactly how I was going to carry off dog and wagon and all.

"At length Gypsy, seeing my trouble, asked me coolly: 'Have you a knife?' And I replied: 'Yes; but you can't cut steel with a

THE BATTLE IN THE WOODS

knife.' Then he said: 'But you can cut leather with a knife. Why don't you cut my collar?' And then my great intellect saw the point, and, taking out my trusty jackknife, I slit the leather, and the dog was free!

"He jumped out of the wagon, and we joined our victorious forces—or all but one."

"I hope no one was hurt?" Helen asked, anxiously.

"No. The missing battalion was that of General Bruno. He had put the big watch-dog to an ignominious flight, and was chasing him into the next county. The rest of us were all present or accounted for, and Gypsy was jumping about us all and wriggling and whining, the happiest thing you ever see."

"Chris," Helen objected, "that is n't grammar."

"It is poetry," said Chris. "Like Shakespeare. He and I have a grammar of our own. Where was I? Oh, yes. Well, Galopoff was trying to get rid of his costume, and Gypsy

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

almost smothered himself in the folds of it trying to help. After a while the pony jumped out of the ruins of his pajamas; I got on his back with Gypsy in my arms, and a retreat was ordered without awaiting the return of General Bruno. I don't know whether he is back yet, and I'm sure those Gypsies will not be back for a week."

"But, Chris," Helen objected, after she had clapped her hands with delight over the glorious news, "what is to prevent those men from hanging around here and stealing Gypsy some other time?"

"That shows the wisdom of our commander, the celebrated General Galopoff. If he had n't *scared* the thieves, they would never have rested until they had the dog again; but now they don't know what it was that sent them flying, and probably they will be only too glad to get away with their lives."

"And where is Gypsy?" Helen asked.

"He went home with Galopoff, and the pony



Gypsy—II.

“ ‘THE OLDEST ONE DREW A PISTOL, AND TRIED TO FIRE IT.’ ”

See p 222.

THE BATTLE IN THE WOODS

said that he would bring him over this morning. Let us finish our breakfast and go out, so that we can see him coming."

A few more buckwheat cakes and they were done, and betook themselves to the lawn, where there was a sort of rustic house. Here they sat and waited, with their eyes on the road that led from their house to that of the Russian Prince.

"Sister Helen, Sister Helen! Can you see anything coming?" Christopher asked several times, and at last Helen jumped up and cried:

"Yes! I do. And I think—I am *sure* it is Galopoff, with Gypsy riding on his back!"

Both the children went tumbling out; Galopoff broke into a gallop, and came sweeping over the lawn with a rush, and Gypsy gave a flying leap from the pony's back and landed in Christopher's arms.

Then there was a joyful time.

When they were quiet again Galopoff spoke:

"Do you know, Gypsy," he asked, "that your last leap was a very clever performance?"

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

It seems to me you show real talent. You would do very well as a circus dog."

"But I don't care to be a circus dog," said Gypsy. "I want to keep quiet at home. I am glad I went to find my master; but I am ever so glad to be at home again."

"Oh, by the way," said Chris, "have you heard anything of Bruno?"

"Met him on our way," Galopoff replied. "He told us that except the one with the clipped French poodle, it was the best fight he had ever had."

CHAPTER XX

IN SAFE HARBOR

IT was lucky that it was Saturday. No sooner had Galopoff gone home than Chris and Helen made Gypsy comfortable on one of the benches, and he settled down with a long sigh of comfort.

“Now,” said Gypsy, “if my old master were only here, I would n’t have a thing to ask for in the world.”

“But why can’t you just stay with us?” asked Helen.

“I can, and I will, if you ’ll have me,” Gypsy answered. “My master told me to wait for him, and he would come to America; and I believe he will.”

“Where did you leave him?” Helen asked.

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

"Now, Helen," said Chris, "you always want to spoil a story by hearing the end of it first. You must wait until Gypsy is all rested out, and then let him tell us all about it, from the very beginning down to the time when I found him in the wagon, and did n't know enough to cut his leather collar and set him free."

"I'm not tired," said Gypsy, "and if you have time I can begin my story now. Don't you have to go to school, though?"

"No, thank goodness," said Helen, "it is Saturday."

"But," said Chris, "I think you have done enough, Gypsy. We can wait till another time for your story. Now, let us plan about your staying here. First, I want you to have a nice, comfortable dog-house to live in, for I'm sure you would rather sleep outside, would n't you?"

"Yes," Gypsy answered. "I am no lapdog. I have been long enough at sea to like fresh air. And, what is more, I want to do something for my living. It is all very well for a canary

or a parrot to spend his time eating, sleeping and fooling about, but for a dog or a horse there is plenty of work in the world, and they are no use except when they do their work."

"Is n't Galopoff a splendid little fellow?" Helen exclaimed.

"Yes, indeed," said Gypsy. "I owe him more than I can ever pay."

"He does n't want any pay," said Chris. "It is nothing but fun for him. He loves to go into all sorts of adventures."

"Well, I'm going over to see him now and then," said Gypsy, "for there is lots to learn from a pony like that. Still, I can see where he got it. I have been knocking around the world myself for the last few months, and I have picked up a great deal of useful knowledge. But, to tell you the truth, children, I'm so far from being tired that I think a good scamper would do me good. Come on!"

So saying, Gypsy jumped down from the bench and ran off at full speed, leading Chris

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

and Helen in a regular romp that only ended when all three were out of breath.

And that was the first of many jolly times they had together. Sometimes, too, Galopoff was one of the party, and when he was it was amusing to see him put on all the airs of a very dignified creature. He would watch indulgently their wild games of tag, or hide-and-seek, or magic music, until he became so interested that he forgot to be sedate and reserved.

Then he would join in with all the spirit of his younger days, and the whole quartet would romp and play like school let out. Then, too, Gypsy and Galopoff would become interested in practicing tricks and performances, and no circus ever showed livelier and more exciting feats than were performed by the dog and his friend the pony.

Galopoff was always talkative, but Gypsy never had much to say, and it was only after many days that the children learned of all his adventures—of his two sea voyages, his two railroad

IN SAFE HARBOR

journeys, his stay in Madagascar, his two times of captivity in the Gypsies' camp, and his early life in Paris.

And, by the way, the Gypsies seemed to have left the country, for neither Alexander nor Joe nor their dog Blacky nor any of the tribe were seen about that part of the country again. Nobody knew where they were, and really nobody cared.

So the year rolled away through the spring and the fall and to another winter. And, queerly enough, as the month of November came to a close, December began. But even then time still kept rolling on, and days were counted into weeks until that remarkable annual occurrence known as Christmas was about ready to happen. And one day the sun rose as usual, and, behold, all the calendars agreed that it was the 25th of December; and Chris and Helen arose at the same awful hour of earliness, descended upon their stuffed stockings like a couple of crows on two cornstalks, and indus-

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

triously dug their way down to the toes of the stockings, and there found two more gold-pieces, and then remembered that they had never spent the first two that had come a whole year before.

But, strange as that was, something still more remarkable happened before the day was done. They had a Christmas tree. But that was n't it. And when the doors were opened to show the tree there stood a real Santa Claus. But that was n't the remarkable thing, either. And when the Santa Claus came forward with his red robe and his long, white beard, Gypsy, who had been looking on in a quiet and dignified manner, though enjoying everything, including a handsome new silver collar, suddenly seemed to lose his wits. He jumped forward and whined and wagged his tail and barked himself hoarse, as he leaped up on "Santa Claus," who seemed quite as much excited as Gypsy himself.

Chris and Helen did n't understand this at all. They had supposed that their father had



Gypsy—12.

“GYPSY BARKED HIMSELF HOARSE, AS HE LEAPED UPON SANTA
CLAUS.”

See p. 232.

IN SAFE HARBOR

dressed himself up to be Santa Claus, and they had never seen Gypsy show so much affection for him before. But now their father came in, and Santa Claus took off his mask and beard, and they saw a pleasant, jolly, smiling face, but one they had never seen before.

"Who is it, father?" asked Christopher.
"Who is it?"

"I know, I know," cried Helen. "I believe it is Gypsy's master come to America!"

And that was it. Helen was right. And then neither wondered at Gypsy's delight over this unexpected Christmas present.

They found out afterwards that the Russian Prince, Galopoff's master, having friends in Paris, and the French being on the best of terms with the Russians, was able to secure a discharge from service for the French soldier, and had also seen that there was money enough sent him to enable him to pay his way to America. He had arrived only a day before Christmas, and

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

then the little surprise had been arranged. I suspect Galopoff had a hoof in it.

So now all were together again. Chris and Helen's father was very glad to give the Frenchman a place as gardener and handy-man until he could find some pleasanter or more profitable work, and Gypsy went to stay in a sort of little porter's lodge, where he and his master were made at home.

Only one dissatisfied creature remained, and that was Galopoff. He professed to think it very stupid for the dog's adventures to end so happily. He told Chris and Helen that "the only way to enjoy life was to keep moving and to get all the adventures one could." But this did not bother the children at all, for they saw that Galopoff himself was quite willing to remain quietly at home, instead of running about seeking strange experiences.

One day, when the children and Galopoff were near the rustic summer-house, Chris said to the pony, as he pointed to Gypsy's master at

IN SAFE HARBOR

work on the greenhouses, with the little dog sitting contentedly at his master's heels :

“Galopoff, do you think those two ought to go out in the world again, just so they might have exciting times? Come, tell the truth now, and without making believe.”

“Christopher,” said Galopoff, “it is a long time since I have talked any poetry, but now I ’m going to repeat a few lines that I made up myself, and they will answer your question for you. Here they are :

“The quiet nag that stays at home
Will never know both Greece and Rome ;
But nags that stay at home in peace
Will never miss either Rome or Greece.
So choose whichever suits you best—
Who is not tired cannot rest.”

The children applauded these beautiful lines, and Galopoff bowed very gravely, as a poet should.

Then Christopher said :

GYPSY, THE TALKING DOG

“But that is as much as to say, ‘Leave well enough alone.’”

“Exactly,” said Galopoff. “Suppose we ask Gypsy what he thinks?”

So they called Gypsy over, and Helen asked him :

“Which would you rather do, Gypsy, stay here or go out into the world again and have exciting adventures? Galopoff wants to know.”

“‘East or West, Home is Best,’” said Gypsy, and scampered back to his master.

“He ’s right,” said Galopoff.

THE END

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